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LITERATURE.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE.*

MR. ALISON promises to bring down his *History of Europe* to the present day, in a series of five octavo volumes, the contents of which he apportions as follows: to the first,—the period commencing with the entry of the Allies into Paris, after the fall of Napoleon, terminating with the passing of the Currency Act, of 1839, in England; to the second,—from that time to the French Revolution of 1830; to the third,—ten years from the date of the Reform Bill; to the fourth,—from 1842 to the overthrow of Louis Philippe, in 1848; to the fifth,—from that event to the accession of Louis Napoleon, in 1852. Besides these special divisions, Mr. Alison sprinkles over his work a series of general chapters on the Art, Science, and Literature of the different European nations, during the whole period, assigning the consideration of these liberal influences, in Great Britain, to the present volume. This interpolation of matter, which is out of date where it is inserted, is a concession to the serial form of publication. It relieves the discussion of political and financial history. In other respects, we may recognise in Mr. Alison eminent powers as a literary artist. He understands arrangement and grouping; he brings prominent points prominently forward, and subordinates his facts to the show, if not to the substance, of philosophy. All this is done with so much skill and enthusiasm, that the author, with very few of the more refined or profound qualities of literature, always escapes being dull, and is able to challenge the attention of men much wiser than himself. The secret of this modified success lies in his skill as a narrator. He has neither wit (including nice choice of language), poetry, subtle eloquence, nor historical profundity, in the higher acceptation of these things; but he has most of them in their lower forms—as they are sometimes more agreeable to the tastes of the vulgar. Alison is a most unpoetic man; yet he is constantly meddling with poetic ideas, which he handles very poorly and vaguely, covering his defects with an amazing volubility. His political ideas can hardly be accepted by Americans, for they are a wishy-washy kind of torism, which would affect contempt for every principle America has asserted and grown great by—full representative government, legislative independence, popular education, simplicity of law. To Englishmen, his notions can be scarcely more agreeable, for they promise the speedy extinction of the glory of the British nation—which has been reduced to this lamentable pass by a specie currency, free trade, and democratic reform. How, then, does Mr. Alison secure the attention of his readers, while he is asserting his prejudices, in spite of their convictions? We know not, unless by the immediate interest of his subject, a certain skill which he has in arranging his facts, and a certain momentum which his Scotch persistency, through thick and thin, ignorance or knowledge, imparts to them.

Alison's style, diffuse and overburdened as it is, is borne onward with a certain powerful movement, and movement is always attractive. It enlists our attention in voluble,

and really indifferent public speakers, for this motion may be a turbid, as well as a pure current; may bear st raws and idle objects on its surface, as well as navies or merchantmen. Did the reader ever notice how irresistibly the occupants of a town are drawn to their windows on any unusual clatter of horses' hoofs through the streets? It may be nothing more than a runaway butcher's horse, but, having once stretched the neck out of the window, we follow him while he is in sight. There is no doubt that there is a considerable degree of interest excited; but how different is the whole exhibition from the fleet motion of a trained race-horse on the course. Yet both are interesting objects. Just in the same way we are led on with the perusal of Sir Archibald Alison's histories; we feel the thing to be unsatisfactory; we may know it to be untrue; but we hurry on, through dust and confusion, noise and absurdity, to the last chapter. In such a comparison, we should say Alison was the hack, and Macaulay the racer of pure blood and genuine training.

An author may possess, as Alison does, a high, though a very inferior, degree of interest. He may be interesting, as the phrase goes, while he is neither accurate nor profound, and has little discrimination; he may possess but a mere show of fancy, a bastard imagination, and be what Dr. Johnson would call a barren rascal, while he keeps large numbers of readers awake, and adds vastly to the consumption of the midnight oil. We have seen authors not equal to Alison produce these effects. In one sense they may be called men of genius—in the faculty which they display of carrying along so great a mass of inconsequential dullness. It will be found, however, that the talents of this sort of men are suited to at least some one branch of their subject; they may be indifferent poets, weak logicians, no philosophers at all; but their narrative talent will come into play, occasionally, on a subject to which they will be quite equal. Thus Alison reaped a harvest of laurels on the bloody field of the French Revolution, where the dullness of his imagination was supplied with material by the forces of his subject; where he had but to throw the reins on the neck of his volubility, confident that the emotion and terror of his audience were an unfailing source of sensation. It is not difficult to be interesting with a topic in hand like that of the French Revolution. How many a dull pulpit discourse have we witnessed lashed into a degree of temporary vitality by resort to that theme!

It is surprising how much vague matter we are treated to by Alison. Here is one of his philosophical passages: an explanation of the causes of activity in the present extensive systems of colonization. To what are these due? Why, mainly, it appears from the wickedness of mankind in suspecting kingcraft and asking for democratic institutions. The bug-bear, Socialism, was at the bottom of it all!

"No such powerful causes, producing the dispersion of the species, have come into operation since mankind were originally separated on the Assyrian plains; and it took place from an attempt, springing from the pride and ambition of man, as vain as the building the Tower of Babel.

"That attempt was the endeavor to establish social felicity, and insure the fortunes of the species, by the mere spread of knowledge, and

the establishment of democratic institutions, irrespective of the moral training of the people. As this project was based on the pride of intellect, and rested on the doctrine of human perfectibility, so it met with the same result as the attempt, by a tower raised by human hands, to reach the heavens. Carried into execution by fallible agents, it was met and thwarted by their usual passions; and the selfishness and grasping desires of men led to a scene of discord and confusion unparalleled since the beginning of the world. But it terminated in the same result in Europe as in Asia: the building of the political tower of Babel in France was attended by consequences identical with those which had followed the construction of its predecessor on the plains of Shinar. The dispersion of mankind followed, in both cases, the vain attempt; and after, and through the agency of, a protracted period of suffering, men, in surpassing multitudes, found themselves settled in new habitations, and for ever severed from the land of their birth, from the consequences of the visionary projects in which they had been engaged."

This is not a very gratifying account of the honorable activities of the world in the diffusion of civilization—but it is a very fair specimen of Mr. Alison's political croaking.

In the chapter on the Progress of English Literature, Mr. Alison attempts a series of portraits of authors. These certainly should be models of his style, but we cannot admire them. They are, for the most part, mere verbal common-places, extremely meagre and unsatisfactory. Such phrases as this continually recur, mere husks of sentences—of Disraeli, "His mind is essentially of a reflecting character—he has many strong opinions—perhaps some singular prepossessions—and his imaginative works are, in a great degree, pictures of public men or parties in political life." This is the merest style of penny-a-line newspaper reporting, absolutely telling us nothing. Take, again, this damaging, because so poorly expressed, puff of a fine poet—"And Mr. William Ay-toun, albeit bred to different habits, and educated in the thorny pursuits of the law, has evinced early in life the very highest talents for lyric poetry, and enriched the literature of his country with a volume of ballads, which exceed the strains of Tyrtæus in patriotic spirit, while they rival the odes of Dryden in fire and pathos. So great, indeed, is their merit, and so varied the talents and powers of their accomplished author, that no hesitation need be felt in predicting for him, if his life is spared, the highest destinies in the realms of poetry, as well as the less inviting fields of political discussion." A still more striking Alisonian gem—"Mr. Warren, like so many other romance writers of the age, has often filled his canvas with pictures of middle and humble life to an extent which those, whose taste is fixed on the elevating and the lofty, will not altogether approve. But that is the fault of the age rather than the man." Thackeray would pounce upon that as a brilliant specimen of the tory snob. What does Mr. Alison say of Mr. Thackeray? He has a decided instinct of self-preservation against the attacks of that pungent satirist, and treats him to these melancholy reflections—"A host of other writers have followed in the same school of Dickens, which has become so considerable as to have assumed an important place in the literature of the nineteenth century. Many of these writers are distinguished by great talent and graphic powers, among whom Mr. Thackeray stands conspicuous. The taste for composi-

*History of Europe, from the Fall of Napoleon, in 1815, to the Accession of Louis Napoleon, in 1852. By Sir Archibald Alison. Vol. I. Harpers.

tions of that description has become so decided, that it has extended to our highest imaginative writers. It is not difficult to foresee, however, that it is not destined to be durable; and that, from the general reaction which will ensue, compositions in that style are, perhaps, likely to be sooner forgotten than their real merits deserve. Satirical or humorous works, founded on the ridicule of passing manners, however popular or diverting at the time, rarely attain any lasting celebrity." What definite idea whatever does this "charming" notice convey of the poems of Tennyson?—"He has opened a new vein in English poetry, and shown that real genius, even in the most advanced stages of society, can strike a fresh chord, and, departing from the hackneyed ways of imitation, charm the world by the conceptions of original thought. His imagination, wide and discursive as the dreams of fancy, wanders at will, not over the real so much as the ideal world. The grottoes of the sea, the caves of the mermaid, the realms of heaven, are alternately the scenes of his song. His versification, wild as the song of the elfin king, is broken and irregular, but often inexpressibly charming. Sometimes, however, this tendency leads him into conceit; in the endeavor to be original, he becomes fantastic. There is a freshness and originality, however, about his conceptions, which contrast strangely with the practical and interested views which influenced the age in which he lived, and contributed not a little to their deserved success. They were felt to be the more charming, because they were so much at variance with the prevailing ideas around him, and reopened those fountains of romance which nature has planted in every generous bosom, but which are so often closed by the cares, the anxieties, and the rivalry of the world."

Words, words, words! We know of no author, of so general a reputation, who stands so imposingly on the shelf of the bookseller or in the columns of reviewers, or who is in the hands of so many readers of all classes, who uses the English language with so little nicety or so little real power, as Sir Archibald Alison.

MACAULAY'S SPEECHES.*

THE American traveller who frequents the galleries of the House of Commons in London, waiting night after night in the vain hope of a debate, with no other return than the common-places of ministerial statements, or the wearisome details of financial statistics, is very apt to wonder whether any such thing as brilliant oratory or excited discussion ever enlivens the dulness of the place. Occasionally the rising of some well known leader of the opposition, or some prominent member of the government, and the rapid influx of M. P.'s from without the bar to their respective benches, excites within him the vain hope that the monotony of the evening's proceedings is to be varied by at least a transient gust of animated debate; but his ear catches nothing more inspiring than the ordinary half-colloquial and hesitating tones in which Parliamentary eloquence usually begins, continues, and ends. At such a time he remembers the Senate chamber at Washington with a sense of patriotic self-gratulation.

* Speeches by the Rt. Hon. Thomas Babington Macaulay, M. P., author of the "History of England from the Accession of James II." "Lays of Ancient Rome," "Essays from the Edinburgh Review," &c. &c. In 2 Volumes. Redfield. New York. 1852.

He is disposed to regard as apocryphal and fabulous the annals which commemorate the triumphs of Burke, and Pitt, and Sheridan, and Fox, and to register a vow in his journal to attend no more sittings of the House.

Yet, in spite of this rarity of good speakers, and the ordinary dearth of good speaking in the English Parliament, the House of Commons still maintains its reputation of being the most critical and difficult of audiences; and still numbers among its leaders men who, when great occasions present themselves, are not wholly unable to revive the traditional glories of the orators of sixty years ago. Among these successors of the elder generation of debaters, Macaulay takes high rank, not as a master of feeling or passion, but of the sterner and more substantial attributes of high debate, forcible argument, fertile illustration, and keen satire. He is just the man whose support of a great measure, depending upon sound reason and the principles of good sense for its success, would be half the battle in its favor, and whose opposition, if ridicule could assail or demonstration defeat it, would be half the victory against it.

We all know something, and it is our own fault if we do not know much, of Macaulay as an essayist and a historian. We know something of the inexhaustible mines of memory and imagination and wit out of which he enriches the topics, whether historical, or critical, or political, upon which he exerts himself. But of his career and of his speeches, as a member of Parliament, we have known but little. His eight or nine years of Parliamentary service have left fewer traces than his labors as a contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*. But they included some of the most substantial and memorable of his achievements as a man of letters and a statesman, and their results are eminently worthy of being perpetuated in the volumes now before us.

These volumes, which comprise all of Macaulay's speeches, from 1830 to the present day, compiled from Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, now for the first time brought together and given to the public, make their appearance very acceptably and opportunely in the present interval of expectation between the publication of the two first volumes of the History of England, and their long delayed successors, and at the moment of his reappearance in the House of Commons as a member from Edinburgh. They will be read with pleasure in this country, both from their authorship, and from the nature of the subjects of permanent and historical interest to which most of them relate. The struggle on the Reform Bill which agitated all parties in England and the whole social system with an action and reaction so deep and violent, and in which Macaulay proved himself equal to the crisis and its great emergencies, is vividly reproduced in the glowing and splendid periods of his speeches at the several stages of the measure. These speeches, of themselves, are of sufficient value to make the book a permanent and favorite work, and the appropriate companion of the five volumes of Essays, and the yet uncounted volumes of History, which bear the name of Macaulay.

Among the most striking speeches in the collection are those relating to East Indian affairs, his copyright speeches, and his eloquent discussion of the Irish dilemma. All of them are rich in historical details, in instructive lessons of practical statesmanship, in the

graces of an inimitable style, and in the principles of a free and enlightened progress.

We quote as an illustration, not of the elaborate style of the more highly finished speeches in these volumes, but of the facility, felicity, and good sense which characterize them all, and because it is short enough to be extracted without mutilation, the speech on "the Anatomy Bill":—

"Sir, I cannot, even at this late hour of the night, refrain from saying two or three words. Most of the observations of the hon. member for Preston I pass by, as undeserving of any answer, before an audience like this. But on one part of his speech, I must make a few remarks. We are, says he, making a law to benefit the rich, at the expense of the poor. Sir, the fact is the direct reverse of this. This is a bill which tends especially to the benefit of the poor. What are the evils against which we are attempting to make provision? Two especially; that is to say, the practice of Burking and bad surgery. Now to both these the poor alone are exposed. What man, in our rank of life, runs the smallest risk of being Burked? That a man has property, that he has connexions, that he is likely to be missed and sought for, are circumstances which secure him against the Burker. It is curious to observe the difference between murders of this kind and other murders. An ordinary murderer hides the body, and disposes of the property. Bishop and Williams dig holes and bury the property, and expose the body to sale. The more wretched, the more lonely, any human being may be, the more desirable prey is he to these wretches. It is the man, the mere naked man that they pursue. Again, as to bad surgery; this is, of all evils, the evil by which the rich suffer least, and the poor most. If we could do all that in the opinion of the member for Preston ought to be done,—if we could prevent disinterment,—if we could prevent dissection,—if we could destroy the English school of anatomy,—if we could force every student of the medical science to go to the expense of a foreign education, on whom would the bad consequences fall? On the rich? Not at all. As long as there is in France, in Italy, in Germany, a single surgeon of eminent skill, a single surgeon who is, to use the phrase of the member for Preston, addicted to dissection, that surgeon will be in attendance whenever an English nobleman is about to undergo a critical operation. The higher orders in England will always be able to procure the best medical assistance. Who suffers by the bad state of the Russian school of surgery? The Emperor Nicholas!—By no means. But the poor dispersed over the country. If the education of a surgeon should become very expensive, if the fees of surgeons should rise, if the supply of regular surgeons should diminish, the sufferers would be, not the rich, but the poor in our country villages, who would again be left to mountebanks, and barbers, and old women; to charms and quack medicines. The hon. Gentleman talks of sacrificing the interests of humanity to the interests of science, as if this were a question about the squaring of the circle, or the transit of Venus. This is not a mere question of science—it is not the unprofitable exercise of an ingenious mind—it is a question of care and pain. It is a question of life and death. Does the hon. Gentleman know from what cruel sufferings the improvement of surgical science has rescued our species? I will tell him one story, the first that comes into my head. He may have heard of Leopold, Duke of Austria, the same who imprisoned our Richard Cœur-de-Lion. Leopold's horse fell under him, and crushed his leg. The surgeons said that the limb must be amputated; but none of them knew how to amputate it. Leopold, in his agony, laid a hatchet on his thigh, and ordered his servant to strike with a mallet. The leg was cut off, and he died of the gush of blood. Such

was the end of that powerful prince. Why, there is not now a bricklayer who falls from a ladder in England, who cannot obtain surgical assistance, infinitely superior to that which the sovereign of Austria could command in the twelfth century. I think this a bill which tends to the good of the people, and which tends especially to the good of the poor. Therefore I support it. If it is unpopular, I am sorry for it. But I shall cheerfully take my share of its unpopularity. For such, I am convinced, ought to be the conduct of one whose object it is, not to flatter the people, but to serve them."

NEW VOLUME OF DE QUINCEY.*

A MINE of choice literary products lay buried to the eye of the world in De Quincey's numerous contributions—during his long career—to the periodicals, which the series of books now publishing by Messrs. Ticknor & Co. is causing to be recognised as wealth. It is wonderful to think how even learned and critical readers are governed by appearances, how slow they are to perceive as genius in the columns of a periodical or newspaper what they would hail at once as the genuine inspiration in a volume. It is the place, and not the thing, which they recognise. How few people perceive a poet or an orator in conversation; but let him ascend a pulpit or deliver a lecture, "how the wit brightens, how the sense refines."—Just as a short time ago De Quincey was talked of for one book, the *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*. Mr. Fields's collection of his scattered leaves will show him to be the author of twenty books, as well filled as any man's books.

Once and again we have remarked on the peculiarities, the excellences and limitations of De Quincey's powers. He is above all things critical; but it is a philosophical, poetical, humorous criticism, stuffed with ingenuity and overflowing with sympathy. We know not any one who approaches De Quincey, in modern times, in a certain intellectual humor, a way of looking at things nobly, poetically, with learned and verbal questioning, yet in so playful and conversational a way, combining the height of wisdom with the extreme of sportiveness.

Hazlitt said that the genius of Rabelais passed into the soul of the author of John Bunce. We think De Quincey has his fair claims to the transmigration. But that soul appears purified by its progress with the world. Purged of grossness and indecency, the Opium Eater, learned and logical, vastly metaphysical, profound, and critical, is as humorous a man as e'er our literary "conversation cop'd withal."

A writer who can be humorous and critical at the same instant, preach and jest, play the fool and the king with the same countenance, must, considering the proverbial dulness of reviewing—a dulness which we trust, however, the *Literary World* occasionally conquers—be considered something of a wizard. What might be called that rather tough and impenetrable poem, Walter Savage Landor's Gebir, is a fair test. Let Mr. De Quincey handle it in his own way, and spare us further talk about his method.

THE OPIUM EATER REVIEWS GEBIR.

Shall I make the reader acquainted with the story of Gebir?

Gebir is the king of Gibraltar; which, however, it would be an anachronism to call

Gibraltar, since it drew that name from this very Gebir; and doubtless, by way of honor to his memory. Mussulmans tell a different story: but who cares for what is said by infidel dogs? King, then, let us call him of Calpe; and a very good king he is; young, brave, of upright intentions; but being also warlike, and inflamed by popular remembrances of ancient wrongs, he resolves to seek reparation from the children's children of the wrong-doers; and he weighs anchor in search of Mr. Pitt's "indemnity for the past," though not much regarding that right honorable gentleman's "security for the future." Egypt was the land that sheltered the wretches that represented the ancestors that had done the wrong. To Egypt, therefore, does king Gebir steer his expedition, which counted ten thousand picked men:

"Incenat

By meditating on primeval wrongs,
He blew his battle-horn; at which uprose
Whole nations: here ten thousand of most might
He called aloud; and soon Charoba saw
His dark helm bover o'er the land of Nile."

Who is Charoba? As respects the reader, she is the heroine of the poem: as respects Egypt, she is queen, by the grace of God, defender of the faith, and so forth. Young, and accustomed to unlimited obedience, how could she be otherwise than alarmed by the descent of a host far more martial than her own effeminate people, and assuming a religious character—avengers of wrong in some forgotten age? In her trepidation, she turns for aid and counsel to her nurse, Dalica.

Dalica, by the way, considered as a word, is a dactyle; that is, you must not lay the accent on the *i*, but on the first syllable. Dalica, considered as a woman, is about as bad a one as even Egypt could furnish. She is a thorough gipsy; a fortune-teller, and something worse, in fact. She is a sorceress, "stiff in opinion;" and it needs not Pope's authority to infer that—of course she "is always in the wrong." By her advice, but for a purpose known best to herself, an interview is arranged between Charoba and the invading monarch. At this interview, the two youthful sovereigns, Charoba, the queen of hearts, and Gebir, the king of clubs, fall irrevocably in love with each other. There's an end of club law; and Gebir is ever afterwards disarmed. But Dalica, that wicked Dalica, that sad old dactyle, who sees everything clearly that happens to be twenty years distant, cannot see a pike-staff if it is close before her nose; and, of course, she mistakes Charoba's agitations of love for paroxysms of anger. Charoba is herself partly to blame for this; but you must excuse her. The poor child readily confided her *terrors* to Dalica; but how can she be expected to make a *love* confidante of a tawny old witch, like her? Upon this mistake, however, proceeds the whole remaining plot. Dr. Dalica (which means doctor D., and by no means dear D.), having totally mistaken the symptoms, the diagnosis, the prognosis, and everything that ends in *osis*, necessarily mistakes also the treatment of the case, and, like some other doctors, failing to make a cure, covers up her blunders by a general slaughter. She visits her sister, a sorceress more potent than herself, living

"Deep in the wilderness of woe, Masar."

Between them they concert hellish incantations. From these issues a venomous robe, like that of the centaur, Nessus. This, at a

festal meeting between the two nations and their princes, is given by Charoba to her lover, but as yet, not recognised as such by her, nor, until the moment of his death, avowed as such by himself. Gebir dies—the accursed robe, dipped in the "vicious poison" exuding from the gums of the grey cerastes, and tempered by other venomous juices of plant and animal, proves too much for his rocky constitution—Gibraltar is found not impregnable—the blunders of Dalica, the wicked nurse, and the arts of her sister Myrthyr, the wicked witch, are found too potent; and, in one moment, the union of two nations, with the happiness of two sovereigns, is wrecked for ever. The closing situation of the parties—monarch and monarch, nation and nation, youthful king and youthful queen, dying or despairing—nation and nation that had been reconciled, starting asunder once again, amidst festival and flowers—these objects are scenically effective. The conception of the grouping is good; the *mise en scène* is good; but, from want of pains-taking, not sufficiently brought out into strong relief; and the dying words of Gebir, which wind up the whole, are too bookish; they seem to be part of some article which he had been writing for the Gibraltar Quarterly.

There are two episodes, composing, jointly, about two sevenths of the poem, and by no means its weakest parts. One describes the descent of Gebir to Hades. His guide is a man—who is this man?

"Living—they called him Aroar."

Is he *not* living, then? No. Is he dead, then? No, nor dead either. Poor Aroar cannot live, and cannot die—so that he is in an almighty fix. In this disagreeable dilemma, he contrives to amuse himself with politics—and, rather of a jacobinical cast: like the Virgilian Æneas, Gebir is introduced not to the shades of the past only, but of the future. He sees the pre-existing ghosts of gentlemen who are yet to come, silent as ghosts ought to be, but destined at some far distant time to make a considerable noise in our upper world. Amongst these is our worthy old George III., who (strange to say!) is not foreseen as galloping from Windsor to Kew, surrounded by an escort of dragoons, nor in a scarlet coat riding after a fox, nor taking his morning rounds amongst his sheep and his turnips; but in the likeness of some savage creature, whom really, were it not for his eyebrows and his "*slanting*" forehead, the reader would never recognise:

"Aroar! what wretch that nearest us! what wretch
Is that, with eyebrows white and slanting brow?"

O king?

Iberia bore him; but the breed accurst
Inclement winds blew blighting from north-east."

Iberia is spiritual England; and northeast is mystical Hanover. But what, then, were the "wretch's" crimes? The white eyebrows I confess to; those were certainly crimes of considerable magnitude: but what else? Gebir has the same curiosity as myself, and propounds something like the same fishing question:

"He was a warrior then, nor feared the gods?"

To which Aroar answers—

"Gebir! he feared the demons, not the gods;
Though them, indeed, his daily face adored,

* Essays on the Poets, and other English Writers. By Thomas De Quincey. Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

And was no warrior; yet the thousand lives
Squandered as if to exercise a sling, &c., &c."

Really Aroar is too *Tom-Painish*, and seems up to a little treason. He makes the poor king answerable for more than his own share of national offences, if such they were. All of us in the last generation were rather fond of fighting and assisting at fights in the character of mere spectators. I am sure I was. But if that is any fault, so was Plato, who (though probably inferior as a philosopher to you and me, reader), was much superior to either of us as a cock-fighter. So was Socrates in the preceding age; for, as he notoriously haunted the company of Alcibiades at all hours, he must often have found his pupil diverting himself with these fighting quails which he kept in such numbers. Be assured that the oracle's "wisest of men" lent a hand very cheerfully to putting on the spurs when a main was to be fought; and, as to betting, probably that was the reason that Xantippe was so often down upon him when he went home at night. To come home reeling from a fight, without a drachma left in his pocket, would naturally provoke any woman. Posterity has been very much misinformed about these things; and, no doubt, about Xantippe, poor woman, in particular. If she had had a disciple to write books, as her cock-fighting husband had, perhaps we should have read a very different story. By the way, the propensity to *scandalum magnatum* in Aroar was one of the things that fixed my youthful attention, and perhaps my admiration, upon Gebir. For myself, as perhaps the reader may have heard, I was and am a Tory; and in some remote geological æra, my bones may be dug up by some future Buckland as a specimen of the fossil Tory. Yet, for all that, I loved audacity; and I gazed with some indefinite shade of approbation upon a poet whom the attorney-general might have occasion to speak with.

This, however, was a mere condiment to the main attraction of the poem. That lay in the picturesqueness of the images, attitudes, groups, dispersed everywhere. The eye seemed to rest everywhere upon festal processions, upon the panels of Theban gates, or upon sculptured vases. The very first lines that by accident met my eye, were those which follow. I cite them in mere obedience to the fact as it really was; else there are more striking illustrations of this sculpturesque faculty in Mr. Landor; and for this faculty it was that both Southey and myself separately and independently had named him the English Valerius Flaccus.

GEBIR ON REPAIRING TO HIS FIRST INTERVIEW
WITH CHAROBA.

"But Gebir, when he heard of her approach,
Laid by his orb'd shield: his vizor helm,
His buckler and his corslet he laid by,
And bade that none attend him: at his side
Two faithful dogs that urge the silent course,
Shaggy, deep-chested, croucht; the crocodile,
Crying, oft made them raise their flaccid ears
And push their heads within their master's
hand.

There was a lightning paleness in his face,
Such as Diana rising o'er the rocks
Showered on the lonely Latmian; on his brow
Sorrow there was, but there was naught
severe."

"And the long moonbeam on the hard wet sand
Lay like a jasper column half up-reared"

"The king, who sate before his tent, descried
The dust rise reddened from the setting sun."

MORAN'S AMERICAN IN GREAT BRITAIN.*

It is something of a novelty to have a book of travels, of the size of this stout, broad-paged duodecimo, devoted to one country; but it is one no reader will complain of; for what is lost in extent of ground is gained in concentration. Mr. Moran's tour was performed chiefly on foot; he has, therefore, a fair right to the title he has assumed. This primitive mode of travel, of course, brought him into a closer contact with the people among whom he journeyed, than falls to the lot of the multitude who dash through the land in express trains, and his book shows that he has profited by these opportunities.

The author diverged in all directions from London, visiting many portions of England, as, for example, the eastern counties, not much visited by American tourists. He finds everywhere, as he well may, much to interest himself, and his agreeable mode of narration enables him readily to make the reader share his satisfaction. The great metropolis is, however, not neglected; and much interesting matter is given regarding the mode of life of its humbler classes. In fine, the work displays, throughout, care in preparation, and ability in execution, and is one of the fullest and best of the many which have been written about England. Mr. Moran, in visiting Stratford-on-Avon, overhauls a story of the old sexton, in the delightful essay on that locality in the Sketch Book:—

"The sexton who told Washington Irving that he had seen the ashes of Shakspeare, was guilty of a pardonable deviation from the truth, which has given rise to a very pretty story and a cherished conceit. It is almost sacrilege to break the charm; but the truth ought to be told, and I will be censurable in telling it, if there be censure attached to a statement of facts. The present sexton is grandson to the one celebrated by my countryman, and he says it was and is impossible to see the remains of the bard from the place represented. The vault, said to have been opened for the purpose of burial at the time alluded to, is not within two feet of the grave of Shakspeare, and, from the location of the two burial-places, there exists no doubt but that Irving was imposed upon. My guide showed me the tomb, and pointed out the impossibility of seeing through two feet of solid earth into the grave of Shakspeare, for, in digging the vault, it is not likely that the narrow house would have exceeded by that distance the usual dimensions allotted to man. But the conclusive proof is that no vault has been opened immediately alongside that of the poet for nearly a hundred and fifty years; and unless his remains are exhumed, there is scarcely a possibility of mortal eye beholding them until the final resurrection, when ocean and earth shall restore all that their arms entomb, and the mortal put on immortality."

Here is an old Scotch woman's idea about America. Portmoak is not far from Edinburgh. The traveller is on a pilgrimage to the grave of a Scottish minor poet:—

"The name of Michael Bruce is unknown, except to literary men, and but few strangers, if any, visit his grave. No foreigners go to Portmoak, and I was probably the first that ever visited the place with the main purpose of seeing the poet's tomb. The old lady looked at me with a puzzled gaze, and appeared at a loss to know who and what I was. She was aware that I was a stranger, and said to me, half doubtingly, half inquiringly, 'Ye'r no' English,

and I dinna ken what ye be.' I purposely kept her in ignorance of the land of my birth until on the eve of my departure, when I told her I was an American. Her face brightened up, and she exclaimed, 'Ay! I thought they were a' black; but how a body may be mista'en. But were you born there?' she asked, rather eagerly, supposing she had made an error by a too ready expression of opinion. I told her I was, and my ancestors before me. 'Weel, weel,' she continued, 'I'm glad ye cam', for I'd ne'er believed but that they were a' black, had I na' seen ye; and with a smile at her simple innocence, I bade her good-by, and returned to Markinch, past the ruins of Arnot Castle, and through the beautiful valley of the River Leven, and arrived at the Scottish capital, after a pleasant day's excursion to the birth and burial-place of Michael Bruce."

LITERATURE, BOOKS OF THE WEEK, ETC.

THE thirty-second annual report of the Mercantile Library Association shows an increasing degree of prosperity in the affairs of the Institution. The receipts for the last year approach ten thousand dollars, and 4,346 volumes have been added to the library during that short time, including many costly series in Theology, History, the Natural Sciences. The total number of volumes now in the Library is nearly 40,000, rendering this the fifth among the libraries of the country, Harvard College, Boston Athenæum, Philadelphia Library Company, and the Astor Library ranking superior. The lectures, including Mr. Thackeray's six, have produced a surplus of fifteen hundred dollars. The Society has expended \$1000 in hiring suitable rooms for the lectures. The report recommends strongly a new location in the upper or rather central parts of the city. That excellent site, Astor Opera House, it is understood, may be obtained for the purpose. There has been some division of views on this topic, chiefly, we believe, from the Brooklynites preferring the down-town locality, and the affair has been somewhat irregularly canvassed; but the predominant interest seems to be in favor of the removal, which, within a few days, has been authoritatively decided upon.

A new religious quarterly has made its appearance from Providence, Rhode Island, *The Freewill Baptist Quarterly*. It is conducted by an association who announce their intention to discuss the questions of their own denomination and the literature of the day in a practical manner, allowing the largest freedom consistent with the object of the journal, and, though writing anonymously, rendering it "easy for the public to call any one of its authors to account should there arise a necessity for doing so." Judging from this first number these conditions are likely to be carried out with boldness and spirit. It is evident that these free-will Baptists have a very free way with them. They thus plunge in *medias res* in the Introductory:—

"There is no room, neither time for despair in this world. The world goes, and we must go with it: but in what capacity, is left much to ourselves to decide. If we cannot traverse the whole world, we can go over some portion of it, and take notes of our observations as we go. When we meet a fellow explorer, we can compare notes, and in the light of our views, thus enlarged, correct some of our blunders and erase our gravest errors. What we cannot do by individual effort, we can attempt by associated labor.

"What the improved modes of locomotion

* The Footpath and Highway; or, Wanderings of an American in Great Britain, in 1851 and '52, by Benjamin Moran. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.

are to the tourist, periodicals are to the great mass of readers. They diffuse knowledge by associated labor. The more books are multiplied, the more difficult to dispense with periodicals. They afford each in its own sphere, that general acquaintance with the whole field of knowledge, so requisite to the proper appreciation of any particular subject.

"The fact that one man can do so much with the best facilities, affords, however, no room for idleness in any who cannot command them. Each man must make his own tour, with the best facilities within his control. If he has not vanity enough to suppose his observations will add to the acquisitions of others, he must spur himself on by reflecting that they are necessary to him as a means of availing himself of the reports which others may make of their discoveries. If he is thus faithful to himself, the time may come when, without any diminution of his modesty, he may think it best for him to make some report of his own observations."

We get this intimation of the origin and present numbers of the sect:

"We had as founder, no Luther, no Loyola, no Wesley. If we had any man whom we acknowledge as a founder, he was only a sail maker. True he was not unlettered, but he had not a theological, nor even a classical education. Randall, converted under the influence of the great Whitefield's last sermon, made a profession of his faith, and became a member of a Congregationalist church. From reading the word of God, he afterwards demanded baptism as a believer. Refused by his own pastor, he was baptized by another, and became a member of a Baptist church. At length ordained as a Baptist minister, but not long after, repulsed from the Baptists by their hyper-Calvinism and 'restricted' communion, he formed a church of a few friends of congenial views and spirit. This he thought to be the end of the matter; but other similar churches sprang up, partly by his influence, but more because they were pressingly demanded by the times. In a quiet way the work has been onward, till, to-day, we find ourselves numbering fifty or sixty thousand communicants, with full three hundred thousand who depend upon our ministry for the word of life."

An article on the Progress and Defects of Civilization is quite of the rough and ready order. This is one of its illustrations after reviewing some prevalent theories of Evil:

"Now, I would ask what possible foundation have any of the above theories in Scripture, history or reason? And what good can they possibly do, even allowing them to be true? They are all invented to explain an unwelcome fact, to make it easier of reception and belief. And how much do they help the matter? Just as much as we should help a sick child to take a bitter pill by putting it into a chestnut burr, and making him swallow both pill and burr together."

This writer does not stop to pick words:

"It would be very strange indeed, if God, existing from eternity, infinite in wisdom, power, and goodness, should never have begun to create till a few years ago, and that then the highest effort of his creative energy should be so poor, unsatisfactory, half-done kind of a thing, as man to all appearance, in his present state, is found to be. * * *

"It is true that all have not improved, and that every change has not been an improvement. Some men seem made to stick just where their fathers left them, and stand, like buoys on a mud bank, wearily swinging to and fro with the slow and reflux of the waters, never actually stirring from the spot where they were left, but only stirring in it."

The theological journals may find tubs

enough for their leviathan sport thrown out by this new Quarterly. We sail by them, picking up a couple of straws. This, from an article on Daniel Webster reflects the anti-slavery views of the Quarterly:

"The Boston testimonial assured Mr. Webster that he had 'touched the conscience of the nation,' in his famous 7th of March speech. There was deeper meaning in those words than was intended by State Street. He had touched the conscience, strongly and decisively. He touched it as some bold experimenting mesmerizer would touch an electric eel—seeking to soothe it with magic passes, or attempting to rob it of its power by some secret stunning blow; but while he is dreaming of success he is laid prostrate by the responsive shock of the irritated animal. So Mr. Webster tampered with the northern conscience, presuming upon his power to control it, until it sprang back upon him with a fierceness which his incantations could not quell, and which his force could not sustain. Vain were his edicts, his complaints, and his sneers; he staggered and writhed under the tortures which his rashness had evoked. Two years he labored, as he had never labored before, to overcome, or terrify, or appease the avenger, and then gave up in despair—and died!"

and this is a profitable anecdote, for book makers of the class indicated in a paper on Religious Biography:

"We once lent an English civilian the memoirs of two reputable men of our denomination, and when he returned the volumes, he remarked that, 'It was plain to be seen that one was a greater man than his biographer was capable of making him appear, and it appeared to him that there was nothing of the other worthy of publication.' Whether the remark was true in relation to these men or not, it certainly is, respecting very many whose memoirs have been laid before the world."

EXTREMES meet in the columns of newspapers. The furthest removed from the ultra Protestantism of the quarterly just mentioned is a new Romanist Magazine, *The Metropolitan*, devoted to Religion, Education, Literature, and General Information, edited by a clergyman and published by Murphy & Co., of Baltimore. The object of this journal is partly theological and partly to supply a fund of general literature, the Introductory setting forth that "there is nothing more capable of diverting the mind, than the progress and triumphs of Catholicity throughout the world. Her combats and victories, her struggles against error in every shape and form, the intrepidity and self-devotion of her missionaries, the heroism of her martyrs, her immense achievements in the cause of letters and civilization, her inexhaustible resources for the relief of suffering humanity, are subjects of startling interest, not merely in a religious point of view, but even as a portion of the general stock of literature. The ordinary reader, not less than the pious Catholic, must find pleasure in such topics." The field undoubtedly is an abundant one. Of the specialties always cultivated in the studies of Rome, we may reasonably anticipate some interesting contributions on topics of classical literature. A paper in the present number claims this distinction of "The Church, the Guardian of Letters," maintaining:

"No one example can be brought of the Church's having ever destroyed the works of Pagan literature. A single charge of this nature has been made against St. Gregory the Great—but falsely; for the Palatine Library

(whose classic works he is said to have burned), had itself been destroyed, before the days of this great Pope, in the sacking of Rome by the barbarians. The only truth most distantly connected with this fable, is that this great Pontiff did censure Didier, the Archbishop of Vienne in Gaul, because this rather learned than zealous prelate taught the classics to the prejudice and neglect of other more pressing and sacred duties of his vocation."

The same writer quarrels with the fruits of Protestant learning:

"What has not lying England dared in history? Her Gibbons, her Humes and Smolletts, wrote romances in her honor, and called them histories; until lengthened study brought forth a Lingard, to be for us the harbinger of a brighter age, whose vista he has the glory to have opened. Her next history of judicial pleadings for the year 1852, may represent to us Lord Campbell, as a mirror of legal justice—as one who wears, without stain, the spotless ermine. It will tell us gravely how patiently he heard and how piously he decided in favor of much injured Achilli! But falsehood now has its scourge. An indignant world thrills at the injustice: and England's very partisans proclaim against her the truth."

--though it is rather hard to take Emmons's Fredoniad for an example. We notice a translation from Count de Montalembert—a paper on "Catholicism in 1800 and 1852." There is abundant room for a periodical of this kind, and talent enough to fill its pages, if called out. Church Antiquities, the historical details of missions, colonization, &c., offer many attractive topics.

The Deck of the Crescent City; a Picture of American Life, by William Giles Dix, is a very tastefully printed volume, issued by Putnam, the completion of an undertaking noticed by us some time since from the proof sheets. The Essay, in mixed prose and verse, is hardly a picture of American life, in the usual sense; it is a series of meditations of the author's inner life, to which the starting for Panama gives a title. The sentiment is excellent, and shows a poetic susceptibility in the writer, though it is too long drawn out in style. Mr. Dix travelled to South America, and saw Quito, with its wondrous peaks. If he had given us the actual incidents of his journey he would have done better than by his philosophizing—without necessarily sacrificing the latter either, for there is always an opportunity by brief sentences, and, above all, by nicety of observation and selection of facts, for an author to show what he is capable of, while he is instructing the world. His reflections would have relief, too, as well as a wholesome restraint, by association with the facts of everyday life. We quote a brief passage, in the author's feeling, thoughtful way. He is noticing a feature of the harbor of New York:—

"Proofs of thrift and care are upon every side, as though all were agreed to make the land a paradise of industry. The criminal, shut out from the sympathies of daily life, is not denied the invigorating breeze, and a view of the broad sky. And those, whose gates of reason are closed, to whom the melodies of nature are discords, and the land and the sea without order and beauty, may summon their army of fantastic images in a pure air, and may array in incongruous shapes the clouds and the stars; the moving ship may be at times as pleasing an object in their discordant world as it is in this, and the sight and sound of active humanity may re-

vive happy glimpses of memory, and move the heart with natural gladness, though at long intervals only, between periods of vacancy and gloom; sometimes the bird, singing from island to island, may strike an answering note in their discordant minds, and touch, though but for an instant, the disused keys of sane thought and emotion, which were wont, in other days, to send music through the recesses of the soul."

Several new volumes of historical compends may be mentioned together, for the fidelity of their preparation and their real value in courses of school education or of private reading. *A Digest of the Laws, Customs, Manners, and Institutions of the Ancient and Modern Nations*, by Thomas Dew, late President of the College of William and Mary, is something more than an ordinary college lecture book. The heads of the discourse are marked out by a series of questions, while the narrative is sufficiently full to be of interest independent of the lecturer's further verbal remarks. A digest of institutions is a very different work from a mere collection of facts. President Dew proceeded by the methods of Heeren and Guizot, and has produced a philosophical abstract which is not merely a source of information but a faithful guide to new research. It is evident that he infused into his work the spirit of modern investigation. He writes with boldness and candor, and enforces his points by pertinent examples. The details of Grecian life, of Monasticism and of the English oppression of the Puritans, may be mentioned. The work closes with the French Revolution, and does not include American History. Foot notes containing references to authorities would be an addition to the work for the student's purposes. It is published by the Appletons, who also issue a well prepared and much wanted little volume, *A First History of Greece*, a very readable narrative after the researches of Thirlwall, by Miss Sewell, and Francis sends us *A Guide to Roman History*, by the Rev. Dr. Brewer, a practised hand in the preparation of lively, intelligent school books. It is in the form of question and answer.

Ticknor, Reed & Fields have published an edition in one volume, of *The Poetical Works of Motherwell*, including his posthumous writings. It is a volume of genuine natural feeling and true poetic instinct. Motherwell's Ballads have the trick of the heart of the old originals.

Vol. X. of Lippincott, Grambo & Co.'s edition of the Waverley Novels has appeared, containing *Woodstock* and the *Chronicles of the Canongate*.

FINE ART PUBLICATIONS.*

This work, one of the largest and most elaborate of its class which has appeared in this country, contains a variety of designs, varying from the simple cottage to the magnificent villa, the severe Norman to the most florid Gothic, a retired merchant, with a plethora of health and wealth, could desire. Now, as almost every man who leaves the city for the country, does so because he can cultivate his individual fancies, as well as his individual vegetables, under more favorable circumstances, where he can count his real estate by the acre in lieu of the foot, this variety is most desirable. As long as the builder does not mix styles, which is worse than mixing liquors, because the ill effects of

lath and plaster, or brick and mortar excess, do not evaporate in the next day's headache, he had better have a house different from his neighbor, provided, of course, he does not inconvenience himself by so doing. This happy union, however, of the picturesque and the comfortable, is one requiring nicety, and for this, as well as many other reasons, an architect is as important, almost, as a carpenter in a rural building operation.

Mr. Sloan's designs show him, we think, to be one well versed in his profession; and those who contemplate settling down in the country, or have their ideas turned to the subject at all (and who is there who does not indulge at least in castle building of this delightful nature), will do well to consult his handsome quarto. He is quite, as we think, if not more, successful in his cottages than in his castles. The mechanical execution of the tinted lithographs and illustrations, printed in colors, is excellent.

A very pretty ideal of Mary Queen of Scots has been happily engraved in mezzotint, for the subscribers to the *Albion*. It is from an original by Wandesford, in the possession of the editor, Mr. Young, and is remarkable for its good taste. Mary blooms as delicately against the back-ground of Arthur's Seat as one of its own heathers. The *Albion* could not more successfully have united popular interest with popular refinement.

The decided success of the large head of WASHINGTON, from Stuart's original portrait in the Boston Athenæum, published by Mr. G. W. Childs, Philadelphia, has been followed up by a similar engraving of the Sully portrait of JACKSON, in the possession of Francis Preston Blair, taken soon after the close of the Seminole war. It is consequently more youthful than the portraits familiar to the public taken later in life. The habitual energy and vivid qualities of Jackson are well conveyed. It is engraved in an effective mixed line and stipple, by Mr. Welch, who executed the Washington head. Wm. Terry, 113 Nassau street, is the agent for this city.

A lithograph of the Rev. Dr. Philip Milledollor, by Sarony, is a full length representation, preserving a striking likeness, though somewhat deficient in the amiable gentleness characteristic of the man.

A view of Sutter's Mill and Culloma Valley, dedicated to Captain Sutter, is a very happy specimen of lithograph and printing in colors, from Sarony and Major. The California soil and mountain aspects are readily conveyed in this manner. The same excellent lithographers have issued some very neat shop and street views in San Francisco, for mercantile advertisements.

Montgomery's second issue of the *Illustrated Magazine* keeps the promise of the first, in the excellence and select character of the Engravings.

The History of the Painters of All Nations, by M. Charles Blanc; with their Portraits, Illustrations of their most celebrated Works, Fac Similes of their Hand Writing, &c. (Alexander Montgomery.) This is one of the most extensive works which has ever been undertaken in illustration of the Fine Arts; and, at the same time, one of, if not the cheapest. It is to consist of a series of

numbers, each devoted to some one artist, containing twenty large quarto pages, several full page illustrations, and others inserted in the text, all on wood, admirably engraved and printed. The work opens with Albert Durer. His quaintly garbed portrait greets us on the opening page, and is followed by his strange composition "Melancholy," his "Betrothal of the Virgin," the grotesque "Virgin with the Monkey," "The Death's Head," and others of his weird fancies. It augurs well for the thoroughness of the work, that it commences with an artist whose merits, though great, require some knowledge of art and study to be appreciated.

At the recent sale of the gallery of the late Duke of Orleans, at Paris, Ary Scheffer's "Francesca di Rimini," so well known through the fine engraving executed of it, sold for 9000 francs.

BAD TRANSLATION.

(On reading that it was proposed to ship Cleopatra's Needle over to England for Exhibition.)

I LIKE Translation, so it be
Neither too literal nor too free:
For foreign works, when well translated,
I have a passion never sated;
But Cleopatra's Needle—gracious!
To translate that were too vexatious;
The very dream of so audacious,
Yet baldly literal, a translation
Stirs up my taste to indignation.
Well, if they really mean to do it,—
If manifest destiny drives 'em to it,—
If they've no more imagination
Than just to do the abomination,
The outrage against all creation,—
If nothing in their catechism
Forbids them such a barbarism,
And in their souls no conscience lingers,
I only hope 'twill prick their fingers!

C. T. R.

NOCTURNE.

BY GEORGE T. RIDER.

I.

STILL night—and the old church bell hath tolled,

With its swinging peal, the passing hour,—
Dolorous now, as it tolled of old
From the heart of its quarried tower;
And it seems to say,
As it dies away—

The brazen clang of the tremulous bell—
"Old—old, weary and old—
The heart grows old, for the world is cold,"—
Solemnly sighs the far-spent knell.

II.

The dark pines mingle in pale starlight,
Like the phantom forms of a fearful night;
Tossing their branches to and fro,
Like the nodding plumes of a funeral show,
The sighing night-winds come and go;

And seem to say,
In a mystic way,
As they whisper together, soft and low,—
"Way-worn and weary,
The heart grows cold, for life is dreary,"—
Whisper the night-winds, soft and low.

III.

Grey willows bend above the stones;
The old church wraps in her solemn shade:
Sepulchral stones, that tell of moans,—
Of broken hearts and dying groans—
Where perished hopes are laid.

And the stony lips of the marble say,
In a dismal and unloving way,
That chills my bounding heart within me:—
"Way-worn and weary,
The heart grows cold, for life is dreary;
Come, wanderer—come,
Earth hath no home
Where grief and tears shall not o'ertake thee."

* The Model Architect, by Samuel Sloan, Architect. Philadelphia: E. S. Jones & Co.

PLANTING IN RAIN.

We planted them in the rain,
When the skeleton building rose,
And here we sit, in the sultry day,
Where grateful shadows close.

We read in our pleasant books,
Or help the children play,
And weave long wreaths of dandelions
When the down is blown away.

The murmuring bells we hear,
For lowing herds are nigh,
With softened twilight in our heart,
And memories gone by.

Wild Doves and Orioles
Build in the orchard trees,
And where, on earth, are people poor
Who greet such friends as these!

They at our porch peep in
And sing their roundelay,
While bright-eyed rabbits near the steps,
In their nimble fearless way.

In Autumn, with apron in hand,
Cornelia waits near yon tree,
To catch the fruit from the grateful root
Here set by our brothers and me.

Thus, where dense thickets rose,
And mouldering trees have lain,
Much happiness dwells for human hearts,
Under vines that were planted in rain.

EMILY HERMANN.

PASSAGES IN ADVANCE FROM
FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

WHITE, RED, AND BLACK.

A NEW WORK ON AMERICA, BY M. AND MADAME PULSZKY,
IN PRESS BY REDFIELD.

We had our fill last year of newspaper accounts of the Kossuth pageant—the reporters did their duty faithfully, and no Hungarian could stir an inch without giving occasion for a paragraph. It will not be uninteresting to learn the feelings of the recipients of such marked attentions, and this opportunity is afforded us by Mr. and Mrs. Pulszky, in a work just completed, to which the gentleman has contributed the political and statistical matter, while the lady has furnished the lighter portions, the gossip and incident of the day, the petty larceny on the button of Kossuth's overcoat by some lion-loving lady, and similar ebullitions of patriotic enthusiasm, together with good-natured but independent comments on various social aspects. We extract a few specimens from Madame Pulszky's diary, commencing with an incident in their reception at New York:—

AN UNLUCKY COMPLIMENT.

An Alderman, who, in the mean time, was introduced to us, now pointed to the military forming into line, and joining the procession before us. I was struck by the soldier-like appearance of the militia; they certainly looked as if the regimentals were their daily garb; nothing stiff in their bearing, nothing awkward in their movements, they appeared fully disciplined. And when I glanced around on the vigorous, sturdy countenances of the young men, I noticed that every one of them looked quite as soldier-like as the militia; and, therefore, when the Alderman asked me whether I found the aspect of the masses different from that of the English, I replied, "Yes, this people look as if they were more generally pervaded by a military spirit." "And yet we are as fond of peace as the English," he said. "Well," answered I, "of that I cannot judge, but it has nothing to do with a military spirit; that is not necessarily

aggressive, but is self-confident; and, therefore, people pervaded by it, look conscious that they can themselves defend their own rights, and need no large and expensive standing army." "England, likewise, has but a small standing army," remarked the Alderman. "Yes," said I, "but she trusts, it appears to me, more to the acknowledged power of her fleet to prevent any attack, than to the military spirit of her people, who look like citizens conscious of their commanding wealth and civilization, but quite convinced that they are not likely to be ever called upon to defend their hearths." "Have you been long in England? you speak English with great ease," again asked the Alderman. "I was in England about two years." "And you?" he continued, turning to Mr. Pulszky; who replied, that he had resided there yet longer, and consequently was familiar with the language. "And do you also speak our language?" continued the inquisitive Alderman, addressing Lieutenant Nelson; "I calculate I do," was the answer. "Certainly you appear to talk with perfect facility; is it long since you have learnt it? and where have you been taught so well?" "In my father's house, about twenty-six years ago," retorted the officer. The Alderman looked quite perplexed at the young man, and exclaimed, "How so! is English taught to infants in Hungary?" "This I don't know," replied Lieutenant Nelson, "but I learnt it in Kentucky;" and, pointing to his coat, said, "Don't you know your own navy?"

We laughed that our Kentuckian friend had, by his language, been mistaken for a Hungarian, and found that the Alderman had certainly much flattered us for our knowledge of foreign tongues.

THE RULE OF THE LADIES.

It is a common boast with American gentlemen, that their ladies rule, and are more respected than anywhere else in the world. I heard this often repeated in the society of New York, and I inquired of a gentleman, who was repeating this pet phrase, in what way they ruled? "Why, they have all they like," was the reply: "they dress and go shopping, and have not to care about anything; we even live in hotels, to save them the trouble of housekeeping."

"I see," observed I, "you are almost as courteous as the Turks, who allow their wives every amusement in their harems, and about the shops, whilst they attend to graver matters. The elegantly-gilded and painted parlours of your hotels, where the ladies meet to rock away time in the easy rocking-chairs, are admirable harems; but what has all this to do with the rule of your ladies? Even granted that you accepted their wishes as commands, still you are no Pashas, whose whims claim obedience from the community; you, yourselves, rule only by the active part you take in public affairs, and do you mean to say you consult your ladies about these matters?"

"Well, not exactly," answered the gentleman; "but, (said he) a lady can travel alone all over the States without danger of an insult, or unbecoming behaviour; our daughters go often out, and are in society without their mothers—every man is their natural protector."

"Quite as in Turkey," replied I; "no man, not even the husband, would ever dare to follow his veiled lady in the streets, and if

he sees a slipper before the door of her room, the sign that another lady visits her, not even the Pasha presumes to intrude. And, as to the travels of the unprotected ladies, they are perhaps less frequent in Europe than in America, but the manners and customs of our age protect them as efficiently in the old as in the new world. All the difference perhaps is that the morality in the United States is more sterling than in France and Italy, or in the capitals of Austria and Russia, and therefore flirtations with married ladies are unheard of."

"But in Europe," he said, "women even work in the fields, and they must assist the husbands to earn subsistence for their families; with us, even in the factories, the girls work until they marry, but once married, the maintenance of the family is the care of the husband, and an American farmer would feel degraded, if his wife or daughter should hoe the corn or break the flax."

Of course, I readily acknowledged, that owing to the greater facilities of earning a livelihood, the women of the lower classes were much better off than in Europe, but I did not understand in what way the respect for the fair sex is connected with this fact. The gentleman turned to other topics; I sought information on the other side, and understood from some very intellectual ladies, that their lords, in general, little consult the opinions of their female rulers, even as concerns their own private affairs. I learnt, that it occurs but too often, that a lady who believes herself to be in affluent circumstances, is suddenly informed by her husband that they must give up housekeeping, because they cannot afford it. It appears as if the gentlemen would atone for their all-absorbing passion for business, by the privilege they give to the ladies of idling their time away. And as business is a passion with the Americans, —as business is with them not the means, but the very life of existence, they are most anxious to keep this department exclusively to themselves; and, well aware that there is no more infallible way to secure non-interference, than by giving the general impression that they never act for themselves, the ladies' rule has become a current phrase, but by no means a fact, in the United States.

NEW YEAR'S DAY AT WASHINGTON.

Coming from the President, the visitors thronged to Brown's Hotel, to claim an introduction to Kossuth; and as they were considerably more than our apartment could hold, we could neither request them to sit down, nor, of course, would we keep them standing; therefore we had no choice but to bow and to shake hands, without attempting any conversation. Yet there was a great deal of variety in this pantomimic intercourse. One moment a lady trips in, wrapped in velvet and furs from head to foot, a fan in her hand, her uplifted veil flowing down over her plumed bonnet. The gentleman who accompanies her, proclaims her name: I mumble, "most happy indeed;" we look at each other; we both bow; the top of her fingers lightly touches my hand;—she passes on. An old senator follows, he emphatically presses Madame Kossuth's hand, saying, "Welcome to our shores." Next a lady, in a rather weather-beaten morning attire, with a shawl and bonnet, that must have witnessed many a New Year's-day levee; she stares at us most intently, and only utters, "How do you do?" I re-echo her salutation; she

stares again, and most probably would long continue to do so, but she is pushed on by another lady, looking very determined, with several children at her side and at her heels. "Take off your hat, Charley!" says she, to discipline her son. The children, behind her, cry, "We can't see;" a little confusion ensues. The lady elbows right and left; "Now the girls can see," exclaims she; and begins to inquire, how many children Madame Kosuth has, and how many I, and where they are, and how they are, poor little things! But the gentleman who has the trying task of introductions, gets impatient, and exclaims: "This will not do; please, ladies and gentlemen, to pass on: so many are coming; please, ladies, not to stop."—And ladies and gentlemen, old and young, pass now in so quick succession, that I can hardly retain the name or the faces, though many of them are well worth remembering; members of the Senate; generals and colonels; officers of the navy and their ladies; interesting and sweet countenances from the North and the South, the East and the West. Here we meet with no bureaucratic type of civil officers, and with no stiffly trained military deportment, such as form the main bulk of the visitors at levees on the continent of Europe; nor is there the slightest trace of the stately splendour of the aristocratical mother-country; nor yet is there the monotony of the conventional drawing-room dress-coat and cravat, for every one comes as suits his occupation, his habit, or his convenience; in gold-embroidered regimentals, in a paletôt or in Oxonian, in a white cravat or a knitted shawl twisted round his neck, in kid gloves or without gloves. On the whole, I may affirm that Mr. N. P. Willis, the American chronicler of European dandyism, has not yet made many disciples in the United States.

The room begins to grow emptier, a few visitors yet approach, amongst them a lovely woman. She has tears in her eyes as she welcomes us to the land of the free; she leads in her hand a little girl of striking beauty, who wistfully glances up to us, and her mother says: "Darling, these are the ladies of whom you have heard so often, the ladies who have suffered so much with their children, should you not like to have likewise the dear little ones with us?"

Such warm greeting we had repeatedly experienced in every quarter of the States which we had visited; at the firesides of the rich, amidst the crowds of the people; in the shops of the working classes, in the asylum of the blind. But that tearful sympathy, freely expressed likewise in the drawing-room, deeply impressed me with the conviction, that artificial conventionalism has here not deadened that delightful sensibility, whose absence leaves so many fashionable resorts void of every genuine charm.

SPIRIT RAPPINGS.

In the first week of our stay in Cincinnati, Captain Kalapsza told me that the Misses Fox, with whom the rappings had originated at Rochester, were staying at the Burnet House, close to our rooms. He had already paid them a visit, and was astounded by the rappings themselves, and by the answers conveyed in this manner. Yielding to his entreaties, I went with Mr. Pulszky into the room, where we found the two very handsome Misses Fox, their mother, several of the Hungarian gentlemen, and two reporters. The manifestations immediately began.

The young ladies requested us to put questions. I naturally asked, "Shall we return to Hungary?" "Three distinct raps were heard on the table from below; the table was uncovered; Miss Fox stood near it, keeping her hand on the edge of the table. I closely watched her movements, the rap did not proceed from her. I asked several other questions of a similar kind, and got just as favourable replies as I could wish. Of course I did not care for them, though one was remarkable. Asking the age of my eldest boy, I was bid to write down a series of different numbers, at the right one the spirit would rap,—and this was the case. But such things have been exhibited often by Boseo and similar magicians. It interested me more to investigate how the raps were produced. At my request raps were heard on the window-pane, on the door from without, and under the floor. Miss Fox even put four tumblers on the table and stood upon them, to convince us that it was not she who rapped, and yet the rappings were heard on the table. Dr. Spaczek, our clever physician, was likewise present. He, too, could not tell in what way the rappings were produced, but he rejoiced at least to get an evident proof that they came not from the spirits of deceased persons. He asked whether his father was in heaven? Three raps answered "yes," whilst the father of our friend lives in good health in Poland. The spirits likewise were at a loss to guess how old Mrs. Spaczek was; they added ten years to her actual age. When the doctor began to protest against these manifest falsehoods, Miss Fox coolly replied that she and her sister were not responsible for anything the spirits said, as they, in fact, could not tell whether the spirits who manifested themselves were veracious or lying spirits. That there were lying ones amongst them, they had found out by experience.

On the next day, our visit to the rapping spirits was duly trumpeted, and commented upon in the papers. As the exhibitions of the Misses Fox are for an entrance-fee, I was not surprised at this progress of "the philosophy of advertising." But the newspaper report became an introduction to us for the spiritual circles of the city. We were mistaken for believers, and got invitations to several of them.

I understood that a spiritual circle is formed in the following way: A number of persons, who are not sceptic, and amongst whom one at least must be a spiritual medium, sit silently around the table, holding one another's hands, and concentrate their minds. If they meet in such manner at least once a week, the spirit-manifestations begin. Rappings are heard, writing mediums are formed, others become clairvoyants. There are several such circles in Cincinnati, and the spirits who manifest themselves through the mediums are generally George Washington, Andrew Jackson, Benjamin Franklin, Zachary Taylor, and Emanuel Swedenborg. There are, besides, two spirit messengers amongst them, and the spirits of the nearest relatives of those who form the circle. Even Sir Robert Peel has made his appearance, and, strange to say, he has become a thorough republican in the other world, predicting the approach of republican governments all over Europe, and even in England!

When I saw how far this singular belief had spread here, my curiosity was roused, and my husband began, likewise, to interest

himself in the psychological problem, how it comes, that such a practical people as the Americans can entertain such fantastic and extravagant ideas. One of our American friends, in whose family several female mediums were found, professed to have examined the matter earnestly, and to have come to the conclusion, that the manifestations really proceeded from spirits; that there was no cheat, no imposture—though some of the spirits were evidently lying spirits. He had cross-examined one, who had pretended to be Emanuel Swedenborg, and had found that he did not understand Latin, and did not know the titles of his own works. But the belief of this gentleman was yet unshaken; it was a lying spirit, but a spirit it was. He assured us that all the spirits took great interest in Kosuth and his cause, and prophesied the speedy liberation of Hungary!

Odds and Ends.

CONTRIBUTED TO THE LITERARY WORLD BY AN OBSOLETE AUTHOR.

NO. VI.

THE SNOW STORM.

"Oh! Daughter, do not go away,
And leave me all alone,
You know a widowed one am I,
Your father's dead and gone.

"I have no other child but you
To keep me warm in bed;
No one to cheer me with a smile,
Or weep when I am dead.

"Oh! Mother, mother, I must go,
For he has sent to me,
To come to him this very day—
His wedded bride to be.

"Oh! Daughter, daughter, don't you hear
How shrill the wild winds blow;—
The snow will fall to night I fear,
Oh! Daughter, do not go.

"The way is long, the way is drear,
And by its lonely side,
There is no shelter far or near,
In storms for you to bide."

"Nor snow, nor hail, nor rain I fear,
Nor winds, nor driving sleet;
I heed not floods nor forests drear,
I go my Love to meet.

"He cannot come to me, he says,
For he at home must bide,
And I must straightway come to him
To be his wedded bride.

"Soon shall I hie me back again—
And bring my Love with me,
And he shall plough and thrash our grain,
And toil right lustily."

She has wrapt her pladdie cloak so neat
Around her waist so slim,
And tied her bonnet close and tight;
And away she's gone to him.

That night will long remembered be,
By people far and near,
For neither young nor old e'er saw
A night so cold and drear.

Shrill shrieked the bitter biting blast,
The drifted snow rose high,
And darkness its deep shadows cast
O'er all the earth and sky.

Nothing was heard but howling winds,
Or cracking trees that fell;
The snow in circling eddies whirled,
And choked the deepest dell.

The cattle to their shelter ran,
The dogs forgot to bark,
The wild beasts skulking hid away
In their close caverns dark.

The widowed mother sat alone,
And every blast that blew,
And every rattle of the door
Did cut her heart in two.

Sometimes she thought she heard a groan,
And then her heart stood still—
'Twas nothing but the wind's low moan,
Among the wood-crowned hills.

Often she went the door to try,
But when the latch she raised,
The snow-flakes in her face would fly
And drive her back amazed.

The Lover never slept that night,
But watched and watched in vain,
Her welcome voice he never heard,
Her smile ne'er saw again.

The deep snows on the frozen ground
Through the long winter lay;
They sought her, but they never found
A track to show her way.

But when the snows began to melt,
And early Spring had come,
A hunter passing all alone
Towards his mountain home,

Beneath a clump of hemlocks spied
A plaidie cloak as seemed,
And quickly drawing it aside
A face beneath it gleamed,

As cold and white as driven snow,
Shaded with ice-bound hair,
And when he saw it well he knew
Who 'twas lay stiffened there.

Her arms were folded on her breast,
Now whiter than before,
Her lips were close together pressed,
Now ripe and red no more.

Her eyes had closed their fringed lids,
For hither she had hied,
And when her blood was turned to ice,
Had fallen asleep and died.

Within her kerchief's secret folds,
Between two hills of snow,
A folded paper scroll he found,
That told a tale of woe.

It wooed her in soft melting words—
To come and be his bride,
And she had left her mother's home
With love her only guide.

She went to join the wedding feast,
And wedlock's joys to prove,
But stumbled on the feast of worms,
For Death had swifter wings than Love.

The snow-drift was her bridal bed,
The snow her winding sheet,
And for her true Love's circling arms,
She Death's cold grasp did meet.

Widowed and childless the old Dame
Lingered along awhile,
But never from that hour was seen
On her pale face a smile.

I know not what became of him
That sought the maiden bride,—
But if he had a heart to break,
I think he must have died.

SOMETHING ABOUT RABELAIS.

To the Editors of the National Intelligencer.

ALMOST every one who reads, has heard of Rabelais. It is difficult to say, however, how little is known of him or his works in this country—perhaps a little less than generally is known in France. The learned of that country endeavor to keep alive an interest in things past which we would be glad to see more of in this hemisphere. We have no "Commission of Antiquities," strictly speaking—let us hope. A few days since we

picked up "*Le Moniteur Universel*, Journal Officiel de la République Française," of November 17, 1852, a government, now, as well as other matters, one of the material for a commission of the kind we have mentioned, and were struck with an article headed, "Rapport fait à l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, au nom de la Commission des Antiquités de la France." In it there is a paragraph on the Examinations of the Editions of Rabelais (*Récherches sur les Editions de Rabelais*), by M. Brunet, a name well known to bibliographers throughout the world, to which we desire to call attention, as an example of what can be done by perseverance and learning, upon the foundation of an author whose name has survived the interest of his works, and of whom the very language has become obsolete. Our inclination has led us to give a translation of the paragraph.

E. D. I.

FROM THE MONITEUR UNIVERSEL, OF NOV. 17, 1852.

"To conclude what relates to the Antiquities of French literature, and without pausing long about 'The Notice of M. Vallet de Virville upon Robert Blondel, a contemporary of Charles VII.' whose writings possess an interest derived solely from the historic evidence they contain, we devote a moment's attention to the 'Examinations of the editions of Rabelais' (*Récherches sur les Editions de Rabelais*), published by the learned and modest bibliographer, M. Jacques Charles Brunet. The curious book of Rabelais is one of the monuments of our literature, which, though sullied by the depraved imagination of the author, we must not, by reason of our scruples, thrust from the station it occupies in the history of French Letters. Time, indeed, adds to this structure, which is without excellence, but not without character; and, as it requires a course of study to penetrate a text so overcharged with erudition, the trouble to be taken turns aside the indiscreet reader who merely seeks for scandal. It is impossible, besides, to pass over Rabelais in the history of the transformations of our language, and that sort of sceptical spirit, of which he is the representative, has had too much influence upon our history and customs to permit the labors which reveal to us the secrets of this strange composition to be considered as other than serious and useful. M. Brunet, without wandering from his bibliographical course, has taught us more of Rabelais than has been done by his many prolix commentators. It is curious to observe with him the learned and caustic Doctor trying himself at first with nursery tales, and, observing the effect of his stories upon the public, substituting his own inventions and satirical allusions for the popular narrations, the real traditions of which he had at first followed faithfully enough. There are also, in the pamphlet of M. Brunet, very curious observations on the changes which the skilful artist in matter of language introduced in his own peculiar way, preferring rather as he advanced the forcible to the natural, and falling, in spite of his Gallic turn of mind, into the 'pedantesque jargon' which he had himself stigmatized in so pungent a manner in his '*Limousin Scholar*.' It was a lucky gift to be able, with so few pretensions, to say so many new and interesting things; and it was fortunate for the Academy to have it in its power to celebrate the name of a man who has adhered to the best traditions of his honorable profession, and whom learned and literary men always mentioned with gratitude."

PARISIAN GOSSIP.—STORY OF A LADY.

(From the Paris correspondence of the *Atlas*.)

ALL is still and quiet at the Tuileries; our good emperor has commenced the chastisement he so long has contemplated—the punishment of his spoilt child, the City of Paris,

for its constant opposition and obstreperous behavior. The balls, the festivities, the shows, and masquerades, so long promised, are withheld for the present. The emperor complains of poverty, and, no doubt, expects another special dotation for the purpose of entertaining his liege subjects. The one solitary festival to be given next week is considered a mere instalment of arrears, and scarcely worth acceptance after the Imperial promises which had been made before his election. To the public eye, the emperor leads a more simple and religious life than any honest citizen of the Rue St. Denis. Thus, in the *Moniteur*, we find "His Imperial Majesty heard mass this morning in the chapel of the Tuileries, and listened with devout edification to the unctuous discourse of the Bishop of Nancy." Another day the *Patrie* declares that "the emperor came down the steps which lead from his window into the little parterre, and walked for some time in the little parterre, as well as in the other, which was likewise beneath the windows of the palace. His Imperial Majesty was attended by Colonel Fleury, commanding the regiment of the Guides." What can be said of such a life of innocence as this? The most censorious can surely find no cause for scandal here, and it is only discontented people, like ourselves, who, not content with watching the Emperor taking his little walk in the little parterre, must needs spy through the blinds to discover what he can possibly be about within the palace when his walk in the little parterre is over. So close, however, are the *jalousies* kept closed, that were it not for the bubbling up, now and then, of the cauldron of intrigue which the building contains, but little of the vapor would escape. As it is, we can affirm that the artistic *mélange* of the courtly habits of Charles the Tenth's sainted reign, with the more polished and refined, though less correct, manners of the Regent of Orleans, has created immense admiration for the great artist who has managed to combine them both. The private society of the Emperor changes often, so 'tis said, but is replenished as soon as exhausted. Corsican relatives, Italian family connexions, are at present the order of the day; and it is expected that the French language, which is already much damaged at the Imperial Court, will shortly disappear altogether.

A seasonable story of the private apartments, which has got abroad, none know how, has afforded some little amusement during the week. A lady, whose love of intrigue and busy, meddling disposition have often led her into inconvenient scrapes, has, of late, so it appears, after having given up as useless her attacks upon the Imperial heart, consented to play a somewhat doubtful part in a pursuit, which, however, has hitherto proved fruitless, but to which the good offices of the lady in question had, for a time, given a coloring of probable success. Now, the lady, who was celebrated all over Europe for her grace, wit, and beauty, has of late exchanged this reputation for the no less enviable one in this country of being the most rapid, expert, and graceful disseminator of men's money, and dissipator of their hoarded cash, who had ever existed in this world from the days of Cleopatra, down to those of Mad'me Guimard of the last century, and the Dame aux Camelias of this. In return for good offices rendered during the last year, the lady, of course, was in expectation of the most magnificent New Year's gift

which the well known generosity, *toute Impériale* (as the Archbishop calls it when he begs), of the Emperor in the like case was capable of procuring, and waited at home the whole morning of the 1st of January, with a palpitating heart, for the result of those various hints thrown out by all French ladies during the last week of December, and which are never lost when sown upon fruitful soil. Madame de C—— had received a magnificent *parure* of diamonds; Madame H—— an agraife of rubies and pearls representing an eagle feeding a dove, worth more than fifty thousand francs. Surely she, who had done more for the Emperor's benefit than either of those ladies, would not be forgotten. Nor was she: for, while musing thus, the Court messenger arrived with a present of such apparent importance that he could scarcely lift it. The lady opened the morocco case with avidity. It contained a splendid *nécessaire* of silver, richly chased and engraved with all kinds of compliments, and charming suggestions concerning the lady's beauty, amiability, and excellent qualities. The lady was disappointed. She was, as usual, in a severe strait, which required immediate relief. A silver *nécessaire* is a very good thing in its way, but will not produce, on emergency, enough to cancel the imprudent gambling debts, the hush-money, the peace-money, and other small expenses to which persons in our friend's position are liable; moreover, upon her brother's suggestion, who happened to come in at the moment of the reception of the Imperial *cadeau*, she began to doubt whether it, after all, was real silver. A scratch with the yataghan, which, as officer of Spahis, the brother carried at his belt, soon confirmed the horrid suspicion—the silver departed, leaving a yellow substance beneath! The fact was plain, Ruolz and El-kington stood revealed! The lady wept in very spite, while the young officer laughed in greatest glee. In a moment the *nécessaire* was repacked and sent back to the palace, with a note of thanks, bitter, sharp, and violent—such as ladies in the like position alone can write—to which an answer, cold and polite, was returned, a few hours after, to express the regret which the writer felt at his present not being accepted, as he had endeavored to satisfy the lady's well known taste for solid worth rather than outward show, and had commanded Thornie to silver over the *gold nécessaire* he had sent her, in order not to attract too much attention by the costliness of the present, as none but himself could know the value of the services which she had rendered the donor. To describe the rage and mortification of the lady would be impossible; and what renders the storm more piquant, is the pig-headed fury of the brother, who, knowing nothing—brothers and husbands never do—insists on an explanation of the services rendered by his sister, or else upon some sort of satisfaction, to be got out of some sort of adversary, he knows as yet neither from whom nor for what, but only judges by the tittering and innuendos with which his tale of domestic sorrow is greeted, that there must be something to avenge somewhere.

MISCELLANY AND GOSSIP.

—Mr. Conger has reported in the Senate of this State, from the Committee on Literature, an act to provide for the distribution of standard works of American authors among the libraries of district schools. The bill is

in five sections, and provides that lists of such books, two copies whereof have been furnished to the Superintendent of Common Schools, shall be sent (with name and price of such book) to the trustees of the several school districts, who may select therefrom such works as they desire for use. Lists of such works are to be transmitted, in the course of the year, by the respective county clerks to the superintendent, and he is thereupon to procure and transmit the books so specified, retaining in his hand so much of the library money apportioned to each county as may be necessary to pay for the books ordered by each county, and he is to pay the same to the author or publisher of said books on the contract for the purchase thereof.

—A word or two to the point, from the *Daily Express* (in an article on the Progress of Republicanism):

"But who are they who have advanced the great ideas of republicanism? Perhaps the people themselves have been the principal revolutionizers without knowing it. Fifty years ago, when the literature of America was yet in the nursery, the periodicals of Great Britain were filled with the history and biography of those in high estate, and the multitude were nothing. The birth of the people was ushered on the stage of reality and fiction at the same time, in the shape of Lillo's 'fatal curiosity.' In that drama of Lillo, no lord, duke, or king struts across the stage, but the creatures of imagination in that drama are daguerreotypes of real life. From that time to this, republican literature has been continually progressive. The last dying effort in behalf of royalty, came in the shape of 'Douglass.' It came nigh being a failure when first produced at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh. The idea is too preposterous in our age to believe that birth or rank, in any true sense, should make or distinguish a man. Being born in one sphere or another is an accident over which men have no control. William Tell is another of those plays which prove the nobility of man, and the divinity of republicanism.

"If followed up, some may think that such views would tend to bring down man to a common level, rather than elevate him. Quite the opposite would be the effect.

"Thackeray, Dickens, and Wordsworth—the two latter particularly, have gone to the people for their subjects, and upon them are based the finest poems and novels in our country. Why should not the drama be republicanized as well as other departments of literature? It is necessary, in writing out historical plays, to build upon the materials the dramatist there finds; but in modern times there is not the slightest excuse to go to St. James's or the courts of Germany, to find noble natures, or distinguished names or titles.

"These are only a few 'Hints towards Reforms,' which it is hoped the gentlemen who write for the stage will take into consideration.

"We have progressed considerably within the last half century, but there is yet room for progression and reform."

—Dr. R. W. Gibbs, Jr., of Columbia, must belong to the rappers, if we are to judge by a letter, which he sends to the *Charleston Mercury*, from Paris—among other gentle taps of the knuckle, we have these:—

"The Lectures, at the 'Ecole de Medicine,'

are so minute that it takes each professor from four to six years to complete his course, so that it requires a long time to follow them, with profit. I heard Maligne, for one month, on Resections; after that I was glad to hear him say he would begin operations on the Eye, but when I had heard him deliver four lectures, in succession, on Lachrymal Fistula (he has delivered seven on that one subject), became so tired, that I now devote that hour to different subjects. He is a man of talent, but the most perfect I ever saw. He occupied the greater part of his time in talking about himself and abusing every other surgeon of distinction, except Lisfranc, his old master.

"Berard, Professor of Physiology, has been more than a month on the Larynx and Voice, and has not yet completed that subject. I heard Denonvilliers, Professor of Anatomy, devote four lectures to the Skin and one and a half to the Nails. This gives you an idea of the completeness of the study of medicine here, and it is no wonder that it takes five years to graduate in Paris. Whoever comes here to study should go into the country for six or eight months to study the language, and then come to Paris to study medicine and surgery. Having the language to learn interferes sadly with other studies. I have attended several of the examinations and the concours, where I have learned a good deal from the hard questions which have to be answered, and I have often thought how many American M.D.'s would be put to the blush if they had to go through such an ordeal."

—*Apropos* of medicine, we have before us a circular of "the New York Preparatory School of Medicine," which is guaranteed in its character by the names of the instructors, Professors Parmly, Dalton, Outram, A. K. Gardner, Brown, and Heywood. We gather that it is practical in its nature. The plan of instruction is so arranged that the whole groundwork of Practical Medicine and Surgery, with Anatomy, Physiology, and Chemistry, may be advantageously gone over in one year, by means of *Systematic Text-Books*; and at the same time a course of *Specialities* will be followed with the aid of *Standard Monographs*, which will require three years for its completion. The students will have the privilege of pursuing one or both of these.

There is also a *reading room* furnished with periodicals, plates, and illustrative specimens.

—The *New Orleans Bulletin*, per its pepper-and-salt New York correspondent, pays a liberal compliment to the late manager of the Bowery Theatre, and adds:

"Hamblin was very amiable to play-wrights, and has produced more original dramas on his stage, than any three managers in America. Let this fact be his epitaph. The want of nationality in our drama is less the result of dearth of genius than of managerial hostility. Two thirds of our managers are Englishmen, whose codes of criticism are scored with conventionalities. They love no better pastime than to snub an American author. The barriers to successful dramatic representation are great under these circumstances. Let us count them: 1st. The manager, with feelings as aforesaid. 2d. The company, who hate novelties and anything which taxes new energies of memory. 3d. The property-men and scene shifters, under salary, who don't want new dresses and new scenery. 4th. The audience, who are sceptical. 5th. The reporters, who have their conventionalities of criticism. The five barriers passed, there open the plains, which present an unobstructed advance to the hills of fame in the distance."

—From Washington we have two or three items of literary and artistic interest.

Foremost is a rumored arrangement of the International Copyright Question, by treaty, in the Senate, the terms of which are said to have been discussed between the late Secretary of State and the British Minister, Mr. Crampton, agreed upon by the British Government, and now only awaiting the ratification of the American Senate:

In the Senate, on Saturday last,—

"Mr. Cooper, of Pennsylvania, submitted a resolution, which was laid over, directing an inquiry as to the expediency of employing American artists to paint historical pictures for the Senate and House Chambers in the addition to the Capitol."

In the Representatives—

"The House, after passage of three private bills, proceeded to the consideration of the joint resolution providing for printing and binding the returns of the Seventh Census.

"Mr. Gorman, of Ia., commenced explaining the bill, when

"Mr. Campbell, of Ill., asked whether, if the Census should not be printed during the present Congress, the members now here would get any!

"Mr. Gorman replied that the present members would not get copies, unless they shall be printed during the present Congress. He said several bids were made for the printing of the work. The last received, from Lippincott & Co., was four hundred dollars under the prices of the public printer, and another from Parrish & Co., of Philadelphia, three thousand dollars less, but, deducting payment by government of the freight, not more than twelve hundred dollars, under the prices of the public printer. But, considering that the public printer has made an outlay, in material, of fifty or sixty thousand dollars to do the government work, and Congress has provided a superintendent of printing, would it be proper to accept a bid at only four or twelve hundred dollars less! The committee have fixed the prices, that there may be no dodging. The work is to be printed in compact quarto form, of one thousand pages, in brier type, without the benefit of fat. For a thousand copies, the labor and paper will cost nineteen thousand one hundred and sixty-three dollars—the former a little over ten thousand dollars. An effort has been made by the *Democratic Review* to alarm the country with the belief that this is a two hundred thousand dollar job; but it cannot, by any kind of calculation, exceed the sum before named. The bill proposed to print nothing more nor less than the returns ordered to be taken under the census law, throwing out the historical preparation. Deducting all expenses, and wear and tear, the public printer cannot make more than twenty-five hundred dollars on the thousand copies.

"Mr. Stanton, of Ky., remarked he had received intelligence that Lippincott & Co., or Parrish & Co., would print the work at a much less cost than was proposed to be given to the public printer.

"Mr. Gorman said Lippincott & Co. would perhaps publish it for nothing, for the purpose of having the exclusive sale of the work; besides, the prices of printing were much less in Philadelphia than in Washington.

"Mr. Brown, of Miss., offered an amendment, that the work shall be done in a style similar to the specimen volume laid before the Committee on Printing, to be embraced in two volumes of one thousand pages each, the cost of the printing not to exceed the prices paid under the act regulating the public printing, the paper to be purchased, as now, by government, the binding to be done in the style of the *Congressional Globe* and appendix, for 1852, and not to exceed fifty cents a volume.

"Mr. Haven, of N. Y., opposed the amendment.

"Mr. McMullen, of Va., was for the resolution as introduced.

"Mr. Stanton, of Ky., said Parrish, Denning & Co., offer to do the work thirty-one per cent. under the bid of Lippincott & Co., and twenty-seven per cent. below those of the public printers. He had therefore prepared an amendment, to give the public printer the work at five per cent. above Parrish & Co.'s bid, and if he should not take it at this, to give it to Parrish & Co.

"Mr. Orr, of S. C., offered some remarks, and moved the previous question, under the operation of which the amendments were voted down, and the joint resolution was passed, by yeas 117, nays 34.

"The House then adjourned."

— WASHINGTON AND WASHINGTON IRVING.—The following incident, says the *Buffalo Courier*, was narrated recently at a breakfast table in Washington city, where Mr. Irving is at present on a visit:—

"Mr. Irving said that he remembered General Washington perfectly. He said there was some celebration—some public affair going on in New York, and the General was there to participate in the ceremony. 'My nurse,' said Mr. I., 'a good old Scotch woman, was very anxious for me to see him, and held me up in her arms as he rode past. This, however, did not satisfy her; so the next day, when walking with me in Broadway, she espied him in a shop; she seized my hand and darting in, exclaimed in her bland Scotch:—'Please your Excellency, here's a bairn that's called after ye!' General Washington then turned his benevolent face full upon me, smiled, laid his hand upon my head and gave me his blessing, which," added Mr. Irving, earnestly, 'I have reason to believe has attended me through life. I was but five years old, yet I can feel that hand upon my head even now!'"

— A rhyme with a moral from the *Louisville Democrat*:—

THE DIFFERENCE.

MAN.

"If he wears a good coat,
Lift him up, lift him up;
Though he be but a bloat,
Lift him up.
If he has not common sense,
And can boast a few pence,
Lift him up.
"If his face shows no shame,—
Lift him up, lift him up,
Though crime is his name,
Lift him up.
Though their disgrace be his sport,
Let your daughters him court—
Lift him up.
"Though he brings some disgrace,
Lift him up, lift him up;
And brings the blush to your face,
Lift him up.
Society him needs—
Never mind his black deeds—
Lift him up."

WOMAN.

"If woman once errs,
Kick her down, kick her down;
If misfortune is hers,
Kick her down;
Though her tears fall like rain,
And she ne'er smiles again,
Kick her down.
"If a man breaks her heart,
Kick her down, kick her down;
Redouble the smart—
Kick her down;
And if in low condition,
On, on to perdition,
Kick her down."

— A correspondent of the *Boston Traveler* gives the following account of the cost of living in Florence:

"One word more as to prices. I have already written you of the cost of living in a palace. Since then I have learned that a fine palace as large as the Tremont House, with a large garden, stables, &c., can be bought for \$35,000! The Ricciardi, one of the finest private palaces in Europe, sold for only \$45,000. A beautiful villa and estate under a high state of cultivation, can be had for \$10,000; a good one with 50 or more acres for \$4,000; and farms in proportion. A friend of mine has this year from his estate, which is cultivated on halves, 1,500 barrels of wine, besides wool, olives, silk, cattle, cheese, milk, butter, and poultry. The Tuscan government are very liberal to foreigners, allowing them to hold land in fee-simple, without restrictions of any kind, and their heirs abroad to inherit from them. But if their heirs are not blood relatives, there is a duty of about five per cent. on the conveyance of the property to them. I know of but one other government as liberal, and that is that of the Sandwich Islands."

— A hint for the "City Fathers" from *Household Words*:—

"It was late and quite dark when we once reached the town of Falaise, the birthplace of William the Conqueror. As we drove to the inn, we passed a lady walking home, attended by a female servant, who carried a lantern of such vast dimensions, and such antique fashion, that it might have helped to illuminate the castle the night William was born there. But—our polite guide informed us—the lantern, as well as the lady, was of later date than that, somewhere in the Middle Ages, he did not quite know when, and was the offspring of the taste and genius of a certain Mayor of Falaise, whose memory is still revered by the citizens.

"This Mayor was a long time sore troubled that his people should walk about the streets in the dark: it was a dangerous, an immoral, an inexpressibly evil practice. Some one suggested that lamps might be suspended at the principal crossings and corners, whenever moonlight happened to be scarce; but he rejected the idea with horror, as a piece of unheard of innovation, in fact, revolutionary. So, next morning, he caused the town beadle to proclaim throughout the streets, by beat of drum at every utterance of the proclamation, the Mayor's advice, that no citizen or citizeness of Falaise should walk about at night without carrying a lantern before him or her.

"At night, the citizens and —esses obeyed their chief magistrate. The streets were filled with male, and female promenaders. Every one of them carried a lantern;—but all was still as dark as before.

"Next morning the beadle gave another peripatetic performance on the drum, as a musical accompaniment to the words, 'Every citizen of Falaise shall, at night, carry a lantern with a candle in it.—Decreed by the MAIRE.'

"That evening the streets of Falaise would have displayed a carnival, had there been any light to make it visible. People, and lanterns, and candles were congregated, but all remained in utter darkness.

"The third day saw the series of proclamations complete. The municipal power explained its meaning in unmistakable terms. The beadle, proudly conscious that his rebellious subjects were now in a state of complete siege, and had no possible means of escape from the utmost rigor of the law, fine, and imprisonment, fiercely smote his soul subduing drum, as he ordained, in a voice like a speaking trumpet with a crack in it, in the noble name of the Maire of Falaise, that, all people who walked the streets at night should carry before them—a lantern—with a candle in it—lighted."

—The Paris correspondent of the *Morning Herald* gives this picture of the newspaper interest in France:

"The Government journals, whose lips alone are free, are themselves falling into the most wearisome monotony. It is the same unvarying article, served up hot on Sunday, cold for Monday, hashed for Tuesday, peppered and spiced for Wednesday, eked out with something or other on Thursday, till Friday and Saturday bring fast-days. The Emperor saved France, and the Emperor saved France, and the Emperor saved France; and he put down parliaments, aye, and he put down parliaments, and he built the Rue de Rivoli, with other new streets and barracks; and he stopped the press, and all are contented and happy as blacks on a day of festival, or boys at a Christmas pantomime, Irish at a wake, or Sardanapalus on the eve of being smashed, or M. de Salvandy when he danced so famously on a volcano, or any other specimen of dull frivolity in presence of a solemn fact that fails to bring sobriety and reflection. Take up the *Constitutionnel* and you have the *Pays*, the *Pays* and you have the *Patrie*; take either up any day of the year and you have the same flat servility. It is like the basket of a chiffonier, one day there may be in it more of rags than bones, and rubbish may vary in proportion; but still it is always rubbish. The *Moniteur*, to be sure, brings occasional relief in the shape of a cart-load of crosses of the Legion of Honour and military medals. Jupiter comes down handsomely to Danae in a shower of decorations, or, sometimes, when Beumontel, the laureate, issues an order, the scene is changed to the Swan and Leda. There is nothing for it but to sleep out the winter of our discontent, and wake up, like Washington Irving's hero, a hundred years hence."

—With a glimpse of Apsley House, drops in a gossiping correspondent of the *Liverpool Albion*:

"It may be curious to be known that, like his immortal father, the present Arthur is not only Duke of Wellington, but also Prince of Waterloo; Duque de Ciudad Rodrigo, and a Grandee 1st class (Spain); Duque de Victoria; Marquez de Torres Vedras, and Conde do Vimiero (Portugal). He has, moreover, within the last few months become heir-presumptive to the earldom of his hopeful cousin, Tynley Long Pole that was long ago, Lord Mornington that is now, who may warble 'Here in cool grot,' like his father, for he has nobody to be in hot water with now—wife nor child. The accounts given of the private view of Apsley-house in the papers this week are wretchedly unsatisfactory—mere in-artistic twaddling dilutions of Peter Cunningham's data; and each version fashioned on the one bald and scald model, stuffed with the slang of art and the cant of pictorial criticism, though in reality the things criticized could hardly be seen at all, and had, moreover, been 'done to death' any time this quarter of a century back, in fact long before the F.M.'s house had really become his castle. He bought the Crown's interest in it so late as June, 1830—the very year before he put up the bullet-proof blinds to keep out the stones of the Cockney Saxons, who were wrath that he wouldn't allow the sailor king to dine with Sir Clod Hunter, the Lord Mayor, who was always making an ass of himself on a white horse during the wonderful year of the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but Will IV. One of the said pebbles is said to have penetrated Lady Lyndhurst, that is, her portrait, by Wilkie, who repaired the damage with such extra Scotch cunning that a double-sighted Highlander, no matter how hyperboreanly up to snuff, couldn't detect a pinch of imperfection in the canvas petticoat of the dame, or rather her stomacher, for it's only a half-length. Not the present Lady L., of course, for the fair Judean was an infant at the time; but the

famous Waterloo Widow, Sarah, of singular memory. There was paid for the Crown's interest in the house only £9,530—a mere fraction of what the site of other great oligarchic metropolitan fabrics have cost. For example;—the ground lease of Stafford-house, partly built with the money which the late Duke of Sutherland advanced to the Duke of York, was sold to his present Grace in 1841 for £72,000 [with which the Woods and Forests bought Victoria-park] and an annual rent of £758, the duke spending nearly a quarter-of-a-million in the structure. And so in proportion with many other purchases from the Crown. But the F.M. seems to have made nearly as good a bargain as did his great military predecessor, Churchill, who, for £40 a-year, secured Marlborough-house, which his descendants have been since letting to the country at £3,000. The impression left by the private view of the metropolitan mansion of our national Iron Idol seems on the whole to have been a disappointing one, and the public view will necessarily be more so."

—Another item of the Wellingtoniana:—

THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—"It is generally believed," says a correspondent, "that the word 'glory' never occurs in the Duke of Wellington's dispatches. The following extract from one of them, taken from the *London Gazette*, of 1st July, 1815, shows differently. In a dispatch from his grace to Earl Bathurst, dated Orville, June 29, 1815, after giving an account of the number of British soldiers who fell at Waterloo, and specifying particularly the names of a few officers of distinguished merit who had fallen, he thus concludes:—'Notwithstanding the glory of the occasion, it is impossible not to lament such men, both on account of the public and as friends.'"

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

AMERICAN.

AMONG the forthcoming publications of Geo. P. Putnam & Co., are Layard's new work, comprising his "Researches at Babylon and Nineveh," with numerous plates, and uniform with his former work. "A New Universal Gazetteer, with the recent Census of the United States, also those of Great Britain and France," an entirely new work, by T. C. Callicott, A.M. "Amabel; a Family History," by Miss E. Wormeley; "Diary of Samuel Pepys," new revised, cabinet edition: "Notabilities in France and England," by Philarete Charles; "Horticultural and other Papers," by the late A. J. Downing, uniform with his "Landscape Gardening;" "The Belle of My Day; or, Lectures of the Past;" "New York Daguerreotypes; or, the City Delineated in its Various Aspects;" also, "A Hand Book of New York, for Strangers." G. P. Putnam & Co. are also the authorized publishers of the Illustrated Catalogue of the Great Exhibition of New York.

Stringer & Townsend have in preparation, "Autobiography of an English soldier in the U. S. Army in Mexico;" "France; Its King, Court, and Government," by General Cass, Fourth Edition, with twenty illustrations: "The old Forest Ranger; or, Wild Sports of India," by Major Walter Campbell. Edited by Frank Forester; with the original illustrations: "Mrs. Ellis's Housekeeping Made Easy," New Edition, illustrated and enlarged: "Count Fathom," by Fielding. New Illustrated Edition: "Life of Jonathan Wild," by Fielding. New Illustrated Edition.

Mr. Lanman's Memorial of Webster, republished by Messrs. Longman in England, will, we learn, soon be issued, in a new and improved edition, by the American publishers, the Harpers.

The undersigned have formed a co-partnership, for the purpose of transacting a general Publishing, Bookselling, Book Binding, and Stationery business, in the city of Cincinnati,

under the style and firm of Moore, Anderson, Wilstach & Keys; and will continue business at the old stand of William Phillips & Co., corner of Main and Fourth streets, and at 28 West Fourth street. They will attend to the settlement of all claims due to or from the late firm of William Phillips & Co., or Moore & Anderson. The signature of the new firm will be Moore, Anderson & Co.

Signed, WM. H. MOORE, D. ANDERSON, CHAS. F. WILSTACH, SAM'L R. KEYS.

Cincinnati, October 21st, 1852.

D. APPLETON & Co. have in press, "Louis XVII.—(The lost Dauphin of France.)—His Life, Sufferings and Death, and the Imprisonment of the Royal Family in the Temple. Illustrated, with Portraits, &c., translated from the French of M. A. De Beauchesne."

Mr. H. Hooker, Philadelphia, has in press a new work, entitled "A Choice of Evils, or Thirteen Years in the South, by a Northern Man."

Gould & Lincoln, Boston, have in press, and will soon issue the following: "The Captive in Patagonia; or Life among the Giants: A Personal Narrative, by Benj. F. Bourne," containing illustrations. This work, by Capt. Bourne, who was taken captive and retained three months by the Patagonians, gives an account of his capture and final escape; a description of this strange people, of which little or nothing has heretofore been known; their manners, customs, habits, pursuits, the country, its soil, productions, &c. It will be a work of uncommon interest as well as instruction, to all classes of readers. Those wanting the work would do well to forward early orders, in order to secure a prompt supply. "A Treatise on the Comparative Anatomy of the Animal Kingdom," by Professors C. Th. Von Siebold and H. Stannius. Translated from the German, with notes and additions. By Waldo J. Burnett, M. D., of Boston. This is believed to be the best and most complete work of its kind yet published; and its appearance in an English dress, with the additions of the American translator, will no doubt be welcomed by the men of science of this country. "A Geological Map of the United States, and British Provinces of North America," with an explanatory text, geological sections, and plates of the fossils, which characterize the formations. By Niles Marcou. "Memorials of Early Christianity," by Rev. James G. Miall. "Pleasant Pages; A Book for the Young," by S. Prout Newcombe, numerous illustrations. "The Preacher and The King; or, Bourdaloue in the Court of Louis XIV.," being an account of the Pulpit Eloquence of that distinguished era. Translated from the French of L. Bungener, Paris, 12th edition; with an introduction, by Rev. George Potts, D.D., of New York: "Chambers's Repository of Instruction and Amusing Papers," a new series. Vol. I. with Illustrations. A volume of this interesting reading will be issued every two months. "The American Statesman; or Illustrations of the Life and Character of Daniel Webster," for American Youth. By Rev. Joseph Banvard, author of "Plymouth and Pilgrims," "Novelties of the New World, &c."

A new little volume, by Mr. F. Saunders, about the city of New York, is to be issued next week, entitled *New York in a Nutshell*. It is to be accompanied by a series of steel views.

DR. ABBOTT'S COLLECTION.—Rarely has there been brought to our city, a more choice or unique collection of interesting and valuable objects of antiquity, than is now on exhibition at the Stuyvesant Institute, in Broadway. Dr. Abbott resided for twenty years in Cairo, and occupied a portion of his leisure, in collecting together everything curious and important, which might help to illustrate Egyptian life and customs, in the times of the Pharaohs. He exercised great care in endeavoring to procure

only genuine works of ancient art—for in Egypt, too, they cheat all whom they can, with manufactured antiquities—and if the approval of such eminent Egyptologists as Sir G. Wilkinson, Mr. Lieder, Mr. Stuart Poole, Mr. Perring, and others, be any guarantee of success, Dr. A. may confidently claim that his collection is entirely reliable and trustworthy. Entertaining no doubt on this point, the curious in antiquities will be gratified and benefited by a visit to Dr. Abbott's collection. We strongly advise them to make such a visit or visits, for they will be well repaid for the time spent in examining these veritable evidences of the progress of the ancient Egyptians in science, in art, in warfare, and in social and domestic enjoyments.

Of course, in speaking of a collection numbering, in the catalogue, over 1100 specimens, it is impossible to do more than call attention to a few of the specially interesting and important objects in Dr. Abbott's museum. Besides the more striking objects, the mummified bulls, the fine specimens of papyri, the tablets from the walls, the crocodiles, the spirited and natural looking cats, the specimens of cottons, silks, &c., and the like, there are other objects which deserve careful study and examination. Such study will lead to the certain conclusion that the ancient Egyptians are, even in this boastful age, our teachers in many of the finer details of art, and in the refinement and grace of social life. The bronze lizards (407) are very finely executed, and will bear minute investigation, showing clearly that when the artist was not trammelled by the authorized and fixed mode of representing objects, persons, &c., he was able to accomplish much more than the Egyptians are usually supposed to have been capable of doing. No. 409 is a very beautiful little statue of Thoth, from Memphis, elaborated out of a fine limestone, and having the appearance of ivory. It ranks among the choicest specimens of art in the whole collection. In a small case, by the window, are various gold and silver ornaments. The earrings, and ornaments intended probably for the same purpose (1002-3), are very beautifully wrought, nearly or quite equal to modern workmanship in the same metal. The necklace and earrings (1050) which have impressed upon them the name of *Menes*, the first king of Egypt, are very curious, and of special value, as pointing back to so great antiquity, almost five thousand years ago! These and the ring which had the cartouche and hieroglyphics of Phoofoo (1051), our old friend, better known as Cheops of the Great Pyramid, are, on the whole, the most remarkable objects in the whole collection—certainly among the most suggestive remains of antiquity, which our city has ever witnessed.

We take leave, then, to urge upon our readers to forego, for a while, Wall street, railroad stocks, and Fifth Avenue extravagance, and to spend some meditative hours in the rooms filled with these speaking mementoes of the past. And it may not be without profit, if looking back upon the years that have rolled away since Egypt was the first of nations, and her people at the head of civilization and power, we lay to heart the lesson which all history teaches of the fleeting and unsatisfying character of earthly pursuits, and the emptiness of earthly grandeur and renown. Let us be sure of this, as says a stalwart knight of St. John, on his tombstone, at Malta, and let us think of it, as we think of Egypt.

"Venit hora ejus, veniet et tua."

The trustees of the Astor Library have just sent their annual report to the legislature. They state that the library edifice in Lafayette place has been completed during the past year, with its shelving and other appurtenances, and is a solid structure. It is deemed advisable not

to put in the books until April next, so that they will not be injured by any dampness from the walls. The new building will be ready for use, with the books in, by the 1st of May. The amount expended on the building, besides the cost of the site, up to January 1st, 1853, was \$70,000. The total expenditure to that date for books was \$75,364 40. The total number of volumes now acquired is between 60,000 and 65,000. The superintendent, Dr. JOSEPH G. COGSWELL, has gone again to Europe to make purchases, which he expects to complete by the 1st of April next. The sum which he is authorized to expend on this trip is \$25,000. This will probably add 15,000 or 20,000 volumes to the works already collected; and the library will be opened with about 80,000 volumes, carefully selected, and many of them very rare and costly; all at an outlay of \$100,000. The average cost of books lately destroyed by fire in the library of Congress, exceeded \$4 per volume. Those in the Astor Library are really no less valuable, but cost only \$1 25 per volume on the average. Mr. Astor's will prescribes that \$120,000 shall be expended at first in procuring books, and afterwards the net income of \$180,000, after defraying current expenses, in continuing the collection. The residue of the \$120,000 (being about \$20,000) will be expended in supplying deficiencies in the various departments of science and letters. The trustees hope to furnish an alphabetical index or catalogue of the works in the library at its opening. Of the \$400,000 left by Mr. Astor, the trustees acknowledge the receipt of \$333,333 33. The remaining instalment of \$66,666 66 will be due 29th of March next. The report is signed by Wm. B. Astor, president pro tem. of the board, and S. B. Ruggles, secretary. Accompanying the above was a list of books presented to the library during the year 1853. The funds and property of the library amount in value to \$452,367 33, viz. Mr. Astor's legacy, \$400,000; donation by Mr. Cogswell, \$1029 90; premium account, gain on the stock transferred with first instalment, \$3462 87; interest account, \$12,551 33, and other items to make up the sum.

The price of the site of the library edifice remains still in the hands of the executors, the parties entitled to life estates in such site (excepting Mrs. De Nottbeck) not having chosen to receive the income.—*Tribune*.

Sears C. Walker, the eminent mathematician and astronomer, died at the house of his brother, Judge Walker, near Cincinnati, on the 30th of January. The health of Mr. Walker had been impaired for eighteen months past, though recently he had been able to resume in a degree his labors as a computer. We learn from the *National Intelligencer*, that for several years he has been connected with the Coast Survey of the United States, and in charge of the operations for determining differences of longitude by telegraph, and of the reduction of astronomical observations for longitude. He has contributed to the Smithsonian contributions, and to the American Nautical Almanac, an ephemeris of the newly discovered planet Neptune, which has been received with admiration by astronomers both at home and abroad. While in connexion with the National Observatory he took a leading part in the discussions which followed the discovery of that planet, and he was thus induced to grapple early with the difficulties of the entire problem, and led to complete success.

FOREIGN.

Mr. Cobden is publishing, in England, a pamphlet entitled "1793 and 1853," in which he traces the origin of the last French War, and institutes some comparisons between British policy then and now.

The *Dublin University Magazine*, having

completed its twentieth year, Mr. McGlashan, its proprietor, has been presented at Dublin with a testimonial, in the form of a tea and coffee service in silver, Mr. Charles Lever, being the spokesman on the occasion.

Mr. Walter Scott Lockhart Scott, of Abbotsford, the only son of Mr. Lockhart, and grandson of Sir Walter Scott, died unmarried, on the 10th inst., at the early age of 27. When Sir Walter died, he left two sons and a grandson to perpetuate the lineage of his house; all three have died childless, and abroad, in the short space of twenty years. The only grandchild of the great novelist now alive is Mr. Lockhart's only surviving child, Mrs. Hope.

NEW FRENCH BOOKS.—We glean that there has been lately published in Paris:—*Abrégé de Chimie*, par Pelouze, second edition; *Dictionnaire du Commerce*, 2 vols. 8vo.; *Clausewitz, de la Guerre*; *Iconographie Ophthalmologique*, par Sichel; *Introduction Philosophique de la Géologie*, par Gautier; *Tableau de la Vie Monastique au XI^e siècle*, par Remusat; *Guillaume le Taciturne*, par Champagnac; *Notions Élémentaires de Grammaire Comparées—Grecque, Latine, et Française*, par Egger; *Essai sur l'Histoire de la Critique chez les Grecs*; *Obry, Etude Historique et Philologique*; *Gouraud, Essai de la Liberté du Commerce des Nations*, 8vo.; *Trois Siècles de l'Histoire de France*, par M. Capéfigue; *Congrès Scientifique de France*, 18^e session, tenue à Orléans, 2 vols. 8vo.; *M. Proudhon Réfuté, Exposé du Fouriérisme*, par Loudoneix; *Description Géologique et Minéralogique du Département du Bas Rhin*, par Daurée; *Fortification Permanente—Traces Modernes Allemandes, Etudes sur les Places de la Mayence et d'Ulm*, par le Baron Maurice; *Hydraulique Appliquée; Nouveau Système de Locomotion*, par Girard, ingénieur civil; *Lamarine, Histoire de la Restauration*, tomes 7 and 8, work complete; *L'Encyclopédie d'Architecture, Journal Mensuel*, completed its second year in November; *Histoire de Huit Ans 1840-8*, vol. 3 and last, by Regnault; *Louis XVII^e, sa Vie, son Agonie, sa Mort*, 2 vols. 8vo.; *Traité Élémentaire de Géographie, Physique et Politique*, par Costambert; *Notions de Logique*, par M. Jourdain, 12mo.; *Cuisinier National*, par Viart, Fouré, et Delan, *Hommes de Bouche*; *Histoire de la Papauté pendant le XIV^e siècle*, par l'Abbé Christophe, 3 vols. 8vo.; *Histoire du Pontificat de Clément XIV^e*, par A. Thémier; *Influence du Stoïcisme à l'Époque des Flaviens*, 8vo.; *Précis de l'Histoire et du Commerce de l'Afrique Septentrionale*, par M. Mauroy, 8vo.; *Jaeger, l'Abbé, Histoire de l'Eglise de France pendant la Révolution*, 3 vols. 8vo. (Didot & Co.); *Rondelet, Traité de l'Art de Bâti*, 5 vols. 4to. and plates (210) in folio; *Description de l'Arménie, de la Perse, et de la Mésopotamie*, par C. Texier, complete in 31 folio parts; *Le Premier Moteur, et la Nature dans le Système d'Aristote*, par Lévêque; *Éléments de Physique Expérimentale et de Météorologie*, par Pouillet, 2 vols. 8vo., sixth edition; *Historiographie, ou Science de l'Histoire*, par Wronski, 2 vols. 8vo.; *Code Diplomatique de l'Europe*, par le Comte de Garden, 4 vols. 8vo., vol. 1.; *Histoire de la Trappe depuis sa Fondation jusqu'à nos jours 1440-1844*, 2 vols. 8vo.; *Abrégé de Pathologie Médico-Chirurgicale, ou résumé, &c., &c.*, par Triquet, 8vo.; *Annales de l'Institut Agronomique*, 4to.; *Description des Machines, etc., pour lesquels des brevets d'invention ont été pris*, vol. IX., 4to.; *Tableau de la Littérature du Nord au Moyen Age, en Allemagne, en Angleterre, en Scandinavie, et en Slavonie*, par Eichhoff; *Théologie de la Nature*, par Durckheim, 2 vols. 8vo.; *Traité de Prononciation, indiquant les moyens d'obtenir une bonne émission de voix, etc.*, 8vo.; *Histoire des Apothécaires chez les Principaux Peuples du Monde*, par A. Philippe, 8vo.; *Histoire du Droit Fran-*

gais, par Laferrière, 8vo.; *Notions Générales de Chimie*, par M.M. Pelouze et Fremy, 8vo., with an atlas of 24 colored plates; *Annales Archéologiques*, *Révue Périodique*, par an, 400 pages, avec 50 ou 60 planches, pour 1852, 20 francs. The *Histoire Naturelle des Lépidoptères ou Papillons de France*, of Goddard et Duponchel, is offered at 400 francs instead of 807; *Iconographie des Chenilles*, at 50f. instead of 93; and des *Coléoptères d'Europe* at 175f. instead of 351; and there is announced as preparing for publication, and in course of completion—*Dictionnaire des Sciences Médicales et Vétérinaires*, par Bouly, Mignon Darnberg, &c., an important work; *Pathologie Bovine*, 4 vols. 8vo.; vol. III. of the *Nouvelle Biographie Universelle* (publishing by Didot); Sagnier & Bray, booksellers, advertise five editions "de l'imitation de Jésus Christ," par M. l'abbé de Lamennais. *Structure et Physiologie Animales*, par M. Achille Comte; *l'Algérie et son Organisation en Royaume*, 8vo.; *Histoire Générale des Traités de Paix*, par le Comte de Garden, vol. III.; *Histoire de Constantinople*, par Poujoulat, 2 vols. 8vo.; *Philartète Chasles, Etudes sur l'Allemagne*; *Recueil des Bouches à Feu les plus Remarquables depuis l'origine de la poudre à canon jusqu'à ce jour*, par les officiers des armées Françaises, &c.; this work will be complete in 30 parts, containing 120 plates, with text, in 4to, price of the whole to be 450 francs.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 25, 1853.

Editors of the Literary World:

GENTLEMEN:—When, a few weeks ago, I promised to contribute to your columns the movements of the literary *avants* of this city, I assumed a labor of love, and pray your readers, in view of that exceeding great love, may pardon my many faults of omission—my great short-comings.

The American Philosophical Society held its annual election the 11th inst. Dr. R. M. Patterson having, in consequence of impaired health, declined being again a candidate, Dr. Franklin Bache was elected. This estimable gentleman will worthily fill the chair, once honored by the sage whose name and blood he inherits. The meetings of the Society, for January, have been chiefly engrossed by the election of officers, appointments of committees, and other business relating to the affairs of the Society.

The members of the Historical Society exhibit a greatly increased interest in its purposes; its library steadily increases, by donations of appropriate books, newspapers, and manuscripts; the librarian attends daily at the Hall. An interesting feature is the commencement of a Pennsylvania Portrait Gallery. At the meeting, on the 10th inst., Mr. J. R. Tyson read an interesting paper, on the ordinance of 1787, going to prove Jefferson's authorship. The fourth number of the Collections has just been published.

The Academy of Natural Sciences contemplates adding another story to accommodate its greatly increasing collections. Already, seven thousand dollars have been subscribed by its members and by citizens; and, as but little more is wanted, the work will at once be undertaken. Most Americans will be astonished to hear that this institution contains very much the largest collection of birds in the world. Its library of scientific books is unsurpassed on this continent; and its museum of objects of Natural History extensive. A gentleman of liberal mind, and most generous hand, has, for years past, given most freely to all objects connected with the Academy. He would be pained, should his name appear; and it is not for me to violate that feeling in another I so well appreciate myself.

Mr. Gliddon is now here, making arrangements for the publication of "The Types of Mankind; or, Ethnological Researches, based upon the Ancient Monuments, Paintings, Sculptures, and Crania of Races, and upon their Natural, Geographical, Philological, and Biblical History;" with above 200 wood cuts. Dr. J. C. Nott, of Mobile, and Mr. Gliddon, are the authors. The latter has been, for the past year, in the South, lecturing with success.

M. THOMAS & SONS have issued their circular notice for the fortieth Philadelphia Trade Sale, in March next. The Committee are W. A. Blanchard, A. Hart, J. H. Butler, E. C. Biddle, and J. B. Lippincott.

Few are the books now coming out—the holidays drawing far on the future of publishers. LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co. have just issued "Owen's Geological Survey of Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota, with part of Nebraska," with over 150 illustrations on steel and wood, 2 vols. 4to.; "Truths illustrated by great Authors," a new edition; a new edition, library, large type, of "Shakespeare," four volumes octavo; "The Footpath and the Highway, or, Wanderings of an American in Great Britain, in 1851-52," by Benjamin Moran, one volume, duodec.; "Day Dreams," by Martha Allen, one volume, duodec.; a collection of clever stories; "Simon Kenton, or, the Scout's Revenge," Romance by James Weir; "History of the National Flag of the United States," colored illustrations, crown octavo, by Schuyler Hamilton, U.S.A.—an interesting and well written book, the sale of which, I venture to predict, will far exceed the expectation of the publisher, who, like Capt. Hamilton, give it as an offering to patriotism.

J. W. MOORE has issued the twelfth and last volume of "Chambers's Papers for the People."

LEA & BLANCHARD have lately sent out "What to Observe at the Bedside," a clinical manual, one vol. royal duodec.

HENRY C. BAIRD, the publisher of Scientific and Practical, is still going on with the good work which he has so successfully prosecuted the past two or three

years. He announces, as nearly ready, "The Complete Practical Distiller," by Dr. M. L. Byrn, 12mo.; "Colburn on the Locomotive Engine," a new edition, 12mo.; "The Bookbinder's Manual," 12mo.—these three volumes will form a continuation to his valuable "Practical Series;" also, "Morris's Perfumery, its Manufacture and Use," a new and thoroughly revised edition, 12mo.; "Smith's Dyer's Instructor," 8vo.; "Piereson on the Examination of Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, &c.," 12mo. In addition to the above, Mr. Baird will publish a new and cheaper edition of Prof. Reed's admirable "Life and Poems of Gray," 12mo.

E. S. JONES & Co. have lately issued, No. 19 of the "Model Architect"—Nos. 20 and 21 will be out in February, and the work completed in 24 numbers. They have lately published "Letters on Welsh History, by Samuel Jenkins, to which are added the Welsh Triad, a legend in behalf of the Welsh language, by John Samuel." We have a large share of Welsh stock in this State, a county is named Cambria, the ancient name of Wales, and no doubt this work will be widely circulated. The Triads are curious and worthy attention.

BARRINGTON & HASWELL have in press "Warrington's Obstetric Catechism and on the Diseases of Women and Children," with 150 engravings, 22 pp.

C. A. BROWN & Co. "The American Engineer, Draftsman, and Machinist's Assistant," by Oliver Byrne; which will be out soon.

"The Young Marooners," by F. R. Goulding, and published by Wm. S. MARTIN, has had a remarkable sale for a Southern book; for in "that place where the good niggers are," the number of books written is but few, and their sale not great. It is not that the intellect or the cultivation is wanting, but because the country is great in extent, population sparse, the machinery for circulation imperfect; but, above all, that the Southerners do not cultivate that intense mental excitement, which in New England for ever boils and bubbles, throwing each idea, or fancy, or delusion in its turn to the surface;—the more chastened mind this side the Hudson exhibits none of this. And with all the passionate eloquence of the sunny South, its fervid zeal and hearty enthusiasm, it ever moves on in one right course, awayed by no delusion to forsake it. No country on earth shows so little infidelity.

R. E. PATTERSON & Co. have issued a "New Grammar for Schools," by Rev. F. Knighton, 250 pp. They have sold their "National Portrait Gallery" to Daniel Rice and A. N. Hart, of this city, who will increase the number of portraits and make five volumes instead of four. The portraits of Pierce and Dallas are engraving for it.

C. G. HANDESSON & Co. have out, "Shakespeare Laconics," a well planned work; and "Hints to a Layman." There have been several books previously brought out by Mr. Colwell's "New Themes for the Protestant Clergy;" others are soon to follow.

LINDSAY & BLAKISTON have just ready for publication "Ranking's half-yearly Abstract of the Medical Sciences," No. 16, vol. VIII., for this month. They have in press

"An Analysis of Dramatic and Oratorical Expression, Developing the Associative Relations of the Elements of the Voice and of Gesture," by G. J. A. Fowler, 1 volume, duo.; "Tilt's Elements of Health, or Principles of Female Hygiene;" "Hallucination, or History of Apparitions, &c.," by A. B. de Boissem, translated from the last Paris edition; "An English-German and German-English Clinical Phrase Book, or Conversation between Physician and Patient," by Dr. Montgomery Johns; "Historical and Descriptive Sketches of Norfolk and its Vicinity, including Portsmouth and its vicinity, during a period of 300 years," by William S. Forrest, an octavo volume; "Steamboat and Railroad Anecdotes illustrated, 12mo." "The Apalachian Primer;" "The Apalachian Reader," Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4, by Mrs. S. L. Griffin; "History of the United States," by B. F. Griffin; and also by him, "The Southern Orator;" "Mrs. Lee's Anecdotes of Animals," and "Mrs. Lee's Anecdotes of Birds, Reptiles, and Fishes," both illustrated.

"The Florist and Horticultural Journal" commences its second year, this month, under the editorial charge of R. Robinson Scott and H. C. Hanson. They are able, and will not fall of their promise, to make it the best Magazine of the country. The plates are engraved, printed, and colored in Europe.

A. HART has reprinted "Hester Somerset," by N—M—. It is one of the better class of English novels; he has also issued a book called "Reprint of the Original Letters from Washington to Joseph Reed, during the Revolution, referred to in the pamphlets of Lord Mahon and Mr. Sparks."

The best book not only of the season, but for a long time, has just been published by PARRISH DUNNING & MEARS; it is "Elements of Chemistry for Colleges, &c.," by M. V. Regnault; translated from the French, by T. R. Betton, M.D. and edited with notes by James C. Booth and William L. Faber; two volumes, 1475 pp., illustrated by nearly 700 cuts. The work is got up in very good style; the cuts are excellent. The astonishing discoveries in this science have led to revolution after revolution, till the practical man feared looking at all into the subject lest he should be involved. This work, however, dispels any cause of fear; it is of the first order in style, is clear, full, and practical to the last degree. One of the gentlemen who contributed the notes is the best chemist in the country. The book may be relied on. Mr. Booth is now making experiments at the Mint to fuse gold with anthracite instead of charcoal; he will succeed.

J. W. RANDOLPH, of Richmond, Va., is preparing for the press a new edition of Jefferson's Notes, in which will be incorporated new matter left by the author. Mr. Jefferson printed his Notes at Paris in 1784; there were but two hundred copies, one of which, in this city, has the following autograph inscription on the fly leaf:

"Thomas Jefferson having had a few copies of these Notes printed to offer to some of his friends, and to some other estimable characters beyond that line, takes the liberty of presenting a copy to Mr. Hopkinson, as a testimony of the esteem which he bears him. Unwilling to expose them to the public eye, he asks the favor of Mr. Hopkinson to put them into the hands of no person, on whose care and fidelity he cannot rely, to guard them against publication."

A copy did get into the hands of a French publisher, who issued an edition so full of blunders, that Mr. Jefferson shortly after got Stockdale, in London, to publish an edition. Most copies found in catalogues are of this edition.

Mr. THACKERAY's course of lectures was completed, the night before last, in the presence of as large an audience as the grand saloon of the Musical Fund Hall could contain. His success has been truly great in Philadelphia; strong hopes are entertained by those who have been unable to effect an entrance upon his nights, that he will repeat his interesting series as soon as possible. He has

been much in private society, and attended one of the Wistar Parties by particular invitation; he was also present at one of our up town *matinées*, where he most probably was reminded pretty forcibly of his own excellent novel of "Vanity Fair," for we mimic that style of fashionable life to perfection in the West End of our Quaker city.

Dr. Brownson has also been lecturing here; Emerson, likewise, as well as Dr. Elder, and a host of others; in fact, there must be four or five lectures every evening, and every course is well attended. Oliver Holmes is longed for, and he would be wonderfully successful, as his writings are so much admired among us; indeed, the title of the discourse which he delivered in New York would be quite sufficient to fill the largest room he could procure. Does it not sound precisely like him—to lecture upon Lectures?

We have plenty of concerts now, especially of the classical school; and sacred music, too, is decidedly moving forward into public notice. There was a very fine entertainment of the latter description given on Monday night at the Church of the Assumption; and the second evening of the Harmonia S. M. Society is announced for Thursday next. The Philharmonic is up for to-night, with two lady vocalists from your city—quite new to us—Mrs. Stuart and Miss Laura Jones, assisted by Arnoldi. The programme is indifferent, but much is not expected from this Association, and really musical people do not take the trouble to attend its concerts. The room is always filled by would-be amateurs, and young ladies who are "great" on the schottisch.

The Meade collection of old paintings—mostly bad copies of the Spanish masters, with a few originals of still more questionable merit—is to be sold at auction shortly; a fine chance for picture dealers. Rotherwell's "Patrick Henry" is still in the gallery of the Art-Union, which institution is dying a natural death comfortably. Barnum has procured a design for one of his presentation plates to the subscribers of the *Illustrated News*, from Felix O. C. Darley. Of course you have seen it—the subject is "Washington Entering New York"—If you have not had that pleasure, by all means obtain a private view, for it is really a superb composition, much superior to the "Massacre of Wyoming," by the same artist; bold, original, and highly effective.

The spring season of the Arch Street Theatre commenced on Saturday evening, under a new management. The French and Spanish troupe at the Walnut is in the fifth week of its engagement: on Thursday La Bayadere was produced for them, Miss Richings and Mr. Bishop being the principal vocalists. The Chestnut is shivering along; it is kept so cold that the audience applauds by acrees. All the places of public amusement are nightly thronged, although there is no very great attraction at any one of them. The fact is, there are so few theatres that they are necessarily crowded.

Very Respectfully,

Your Obedient Servant,

LOGAN.

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